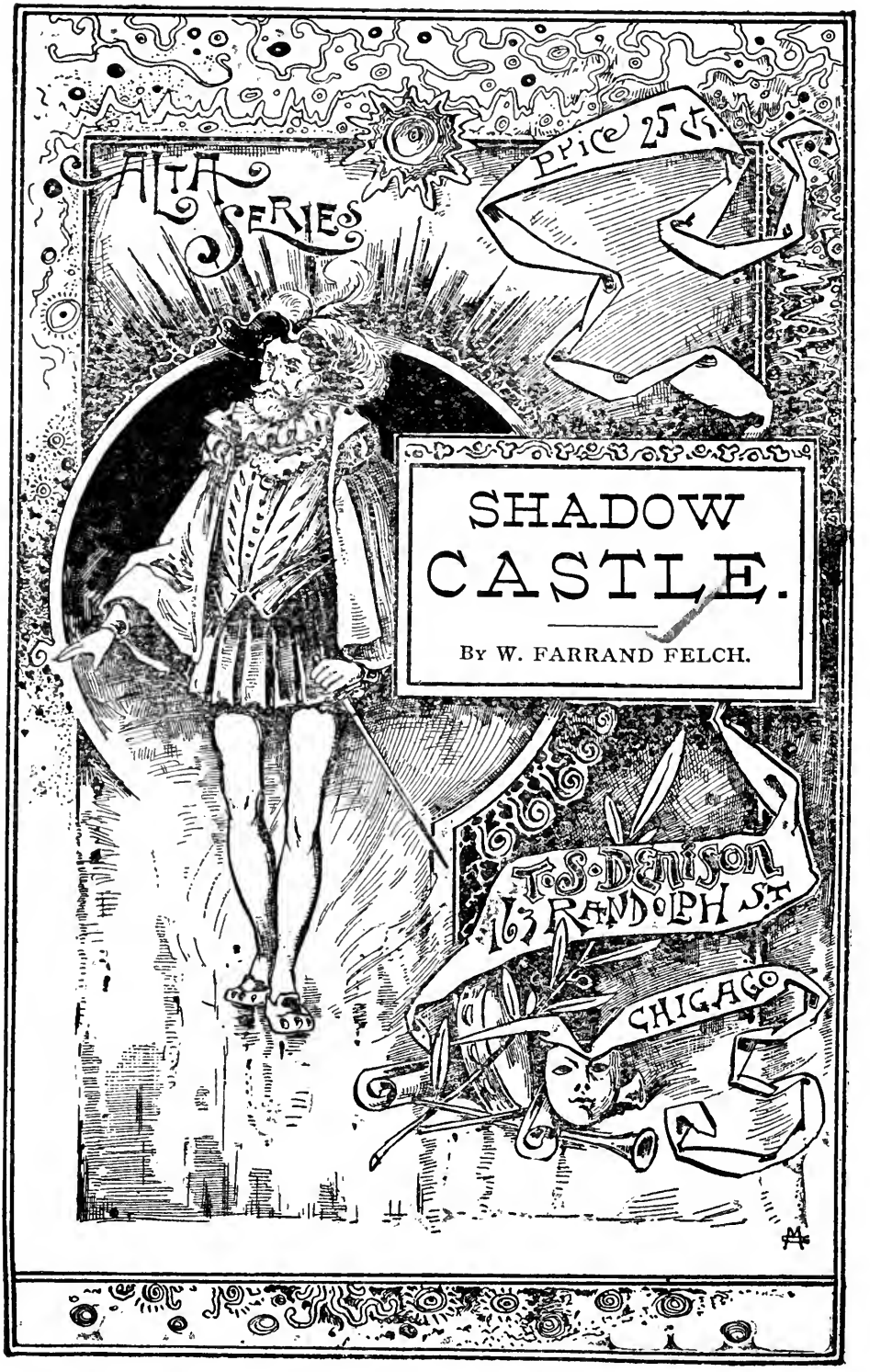
PS635
.Z9F3125

.Z9F 3125


ALTA SERIES
PRICE 25 CTS.
SHADOW CASTLE.
By W. FARRAND FELCH.
T. S. DENISON
163 RANDOLPH ST.
CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid. Catalogue Free.

	M.	F.
All that Glitters is not Gold, comedy, 2 acts, 2 hrs	6	3
All Expenses, Ethiopian, 10 min.	2	0
Assessor, sketch, 15 min	3	2
Babes in Wood, burlesque, 25 min	4	3
Borrowing Trouble, farce, 30 min	3	5
Bad Job, farce, 30 min	3	2
Bumble's Courtship, sketch, 18 m.	1	1
Bardell vs. Pickwick, farce, 25 m.	6	2
Back from Californy, Ethiopian, 12 min	3	0
Caste, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 m.	5	3
Cow that Kicked Chicago, farce, 20 min	3	2
Country Justice, farce, 15 min	8	0
Circumlocution Office, 20 min	6	0
Chimney Corner (or Grandfather's Mistake), drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	5	2
Danger Signal, drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs	7	4
Desperate Situation, farce, 25 min	2	3
Deaf in a Horn, Ethiopian, 8 min.	2	0
East Lynne, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	8	7
Family Strike, farce, 20 min	3	3
Fruits of Wine Cup, Temperance drama, 3 acts, 1 hr	6	4
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 min	5	0
Funnygraph, Ethiopian, 12 min.	6	0
Home, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs	4	3
Handy Andy, Ethiopian, 12 min.	2	0
Haunted House, Ethiopian, 8 min.	5	0
Homœopathy, farce, 30 min	5	3
Hans Von Smash, farce, 30 min.	4	3
Hard Cider, Temperance, 15 min.	4	2
Initiating a Granger, farce, 25 m.	8	0
In the Dark, farce, 25 min	4	2
In the Wrong House, farce, 30 m.	4	2
Irish Linen Peddler, farce, 40 min	3	3
Is the Editor In, farce, 20 min	4	2
I'll Stay Awhile, farce, 20 min	4	0
Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 40 m.	4	3
I'm not Mesilf at All, farce, 25 m.	3	2
John Smith, farce, 30 min	5	3
Joke on Squinim, Ethiop. 25 min.	4	2
Jumbo Jum, farce, 50 min.	4	3
Kansas Immigrants, farce, 30 m.	5	1
Kiss in the Dark, farce, 30 min	2	3
Louva the Pauper, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	9	4
Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 50 m.	3	2
Lady of Lyons, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min	8	4
Limerick Boy, farce, 30 min	5	2
Lost in London, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	6	3
London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min	9	3
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 min.	2	3
Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	8	3
Mike Donovan's Courtship, comedietta, 2 acts, 15 min	1	3
Movement Cure, farce, 15 min	5	0
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 min.	0	2
Mischievous Nigger, farce, 20 min.	4	2
My Wife's Relations, comedy, 1 hr	4	6
My Jeremiah, farce, 20 min	3	2
My Turn Next, farce, 50 min	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 45 m.	3	3
Not Such a Fool as he Looks, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs	5	3
No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian, 10 m.	3	1
Only Daughter, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min	5	2
Our Country, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr.	10	3
Odds with the Enemy, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	7	4
On the Brink, Temperance drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs	12	3
Othello and Desdemona, Ethiopian, 12 min	2	0
Pet of Parsons' Ranch, frontier drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	9	3
Pets of Society, farce, 30 min	0	7
Pull Back, farce, 20 min	0	6
Pocahontas, music'l b'rlesque, 1 h.	10	2
Parlor Entertainment, 25 min	2	3
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 min.	3	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min	6	2
Quiet Family, farce, 45 min	4	4
Quar'some Serv'nts, Ethiop 8 min	3	0
Regular Fix, farce, 50 min	6	4
Rough Diamond, farce, 40 min	4	5
Solon Shingle, comedy, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	7	2
Soldier of Fortune, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 20 min	8	3
Seth Greenback, drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min	7	3
School Ma'am (The), drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	6	5
Stage Struck Darkey, 10 min	2	1
Stocks Up, Stocks Down, Ethiopian, 8 min	2	0
Sports on a Lark, Ethiopian, 8 m.	3	0
Sham Doctor, Ethiopian, 15 min.	4	2
Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 hr. 15 min	5	2
Squeers' School, sketch, 18 min.	4	2
Sparkling Cup, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	12	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, farce, 50 min	3	6
Two Gents in Fix, farce, 20 min	2	0
Two Puddifoots, farce, 40 min	3	3
Two Pompeys, Ethiopian, 8 min.	4	0
Tricks, Ethiopian farce, 15 min.	5	2
Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min	8	3
Turn Him Out, farce, 50 min	3	3
Toodles, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr 15 m.	6	2
Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	11	5
Two Ghosts in White, sketch, 25 m	0	3
Under the Laurels, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	5	4
Unhappy Pair, Ethiopian. 10 min.	3	0
Uncle Jeff, Ethiopian farce, 25 m.	5	2
Wanted a Correspondent, farce, 2 acts, 1 hr	4	4
Wide Enough for Two, farce 50m.	5	2
Which will be Marry, farce, 30 m.	2	3
Won at Last, comedy, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	7	3
Women of Lowenburg, Historical Sketch, 5 scenes, 50 min	10	10
Yankee Detective, drama, 3 acts, 2 hrs	8	3

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

SHADOW CASTLE

A COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

WITH ORIGINAL PLOT AND STAGE EFFECTS

BY W. FARRAND FELCH,

AUTHOR OF "THE PET OF PARSONS' RANCH."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 23 1888
WASHINGTON.

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER,
163 RANDOLPH STREET.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY T. S. DENISON.

PS635
.F312

ACTS.

ACT I. A Child of the Wave.
ACT II. Wrecked in Port.
ACT III. Snow-bound.
ACT IV. The Waif's Wedding.

CHARACTERS.

"FLOSSY," the Angel of "Shadow Castle."
AMOS FOG, the Demon of "Shadow Castle."
ARCHIE SAUNDERS, a Man of the World, Stranded at Last.
REV. PETER PETERS, "Peter, the Parson;" a Clergyman Adrift among Wolves.
JASON JARVIS, One of the Wolves.
MRS. MALONE, a Friend in Need.
JEANNETTE MALMAISON, Flossy's Maid; in Love with the Parson.
GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES; in Love with Flossy, but All in Vain.
MASON, the Miner, and other miners and hunters ad. lib.

TIME—The Present Day.
LOCATION—On the Shores of Lake Michigan.
TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I. *Scene* 1. Tent, containing stores in small tin boxes, blankets, pipe, flask, a small bound book, and an oil portrait framed or unframed, of some handsome lady; dog; boat in L. 4 E. for Archie; boat comes on R. 4 E. with Fog. *Scene* 2. A flask for Mrs. Malone. *Scene* 3. Baize cloth or dark carpet for water, to wave behind water borders from R. and L. 3 and 4 entrances. Practical balcony seen R. 4 E., containing chairs, flower pots, and rope ladder to reach from balcony to water be-

TMP92-008882

low. Boat for Archie, sugar lumps, sewing and sewing basket and small book for Flossy; boat for Fog; pipes and punch-bowl filled with punch for Fog to offer to Archie; rope, etc.

Act II. Boat for Archie; torch for Fog; pistol and flask for Archie. *Scene* 3. Book and pipe; coat and shoes for George to put on. The same oil portrait as in Act 1.

Act III. A prayer book for Jeannette in Scene 1. *Scene* 3. A rope to bind Fog, fire-brands, etc.

Act IV. A Christmas tree, small, neatly trimmed with trinkets and lights and surmounted with a wax cross; prayer book and money bags for Fog to offer to Parson; poison-phial for Fog.

[Note—The Christmas tree scene can be omitted if preferred.]

SUGGESTIONS AS TO COSTUMES.

Flossy. Short dresses of good material; neat, attractive, but not gaudy. Vary the dress with each act. In Act 3, winter costume. Blonde hair streaming over shoulders.

Amos. Rough hunter's suit, frayed and torn.

Archie. Genteel sporting costume in Act 1. In Act 2, with or without coat, adrift in the boat,—as you think best. Act 3, winter suit. Act 4, genteel suit. His costumes must not be too elaborate or varied, as a camper-out is not supposed to carry many suits.

Peter. Long black coat, black pants; high black cravat and standing collar, shabby genteel; a thin cloak or cape.

Jason and miners in rough suits.

Jeannette. Plain dress and shawl.

George. Rough hunter's suit.

NOTE.

This structure on piles can be constructed out of the stock scenery of any opera house or well-furnished hall. It can be made by placing a two-story cottage back C. in 4 extending

out half way across the stage or less, and have a balcony constructed out from the second story strong enough to hold three or more people at a time. The first story can then be covered up with scenery to represent bushes, grasses, rushes, etc., and the piles can be real sticks of wood in front of this shrubbery and supporting the balcony, about six feet high.

The better way, perhaps, if stage is large enough, is to construct on substantial wooden piles (as large as an ordinary telegraph pole) a platform to extend half-way across stage. This can be backed by a sea-horizon scene, which will show of course between the piles ; then, the part above the platform can be arranged, with suitable scenery, to represent a small house or a cabin, with a practical balcony as above. The whole should be substantially constructed so as to be drawn off, piles and all, without taking it apart, and can be easily made. THE AUTHOR.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

ACT I. "The thief in the night;" "Shadow Castle;" "Flossy" and Saunders; Surprised by Amos Fog; Adrift on Lake Michigan.

ACT II. Ashore in the fog; Amos Fog attempts to wreck a vessel; attempts to strangle Archie; is shot, and pleads for life; Back to Shadow Castle.

ACT III. Archie leaves Castle; compelled to return; Amos tortured by miners, rescued by Archie.

ACT IV. Retribution. Amos expiates his crimes.

SHADOW CASTLE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Open stage, cut wood wings, camp fire in L. 4 E., small tent R.* ARCHIE *engaged in feeding fire at rise of curtain. Rises and stretches his arms above his head. Set rocks 4 R. and L., backed by water horizon.*

ARCHIE. Well, I am now living the life of a good, hearty, comfortable bear. I am out in the wilderness away from civilization, and I feel myself free from the frivolity, the hypocrisy, the evil, the cowardice, and the falsity of the world. Now I can live close to nature, and mentally and physically become *a man.* Not a puppet, not a fashion-plate, as I was when I mingled in the gay circles of society, but *a man.* Here I have all that life holds of real worth. The sun, the free winds of heaven, the broad water, the woods, the flowers, the birds, the wild animals, whom I welcome as my fellows. True-heart, my dog, shall be my companion—much more trustworthy than a human friend. (*Calls his dog to him and pats it on the head, then goes to stirring the fire. Rises after fixing the fire, during which time he has been humming a song. Looks around him.*) Hello! Some one coming; and were it Old Nick in person, I should be glad to see him and shake his clawed hand. (*Boat comes on R.*) Well, always let the other man speak first. This boomerang of a boat has a shape in it, I perceive. Guess I'll speak first. (*Boat comes to C. and stops C.*) Well, old gentleman, where did you come from?

FOG. Nowhere.

ARCH. And where are you going?

FOG. Back there.

ARCH. Couldn't you take me with you? I have been trying all my life to go nowhere, but never could learn the way. I always found myself *some* where.

FOG. Nonsense. Who are you?

ARCH. Well, I don't exactly know. Once I was supposed to be Archie Saunders of Fifth avenue, New York City; but the wilderness has taken all the conceit of high-toned society out of me. So I suppose I am nobody now. Stay to supper and we will discuss the question. Will you? It's long since I've had an argument with flesh and blood. You are flesh and blood, I suppose, aren't you?

FOG. Nonsense, young man. How came you here? By water?

ARCH. No; by land.

FOG. Along shore?

ARCH. No; through the woods.

FOG. Nobody ever comes through the woods.

ARCH. I'll agree to that. But you know I am somebody.

FOG. Do you mean that you have come across from Lake Superior on foot?

ARCH. Yes, I landed on the shore of Lake Superior a month or two ago, and I struck inland the same day; where I am now I neither know nor want to know, for I am trying to get away from the world, from society and all its shams, and from the remains of a broken heart.

FOG. (*Scowling.*) Very well, very well; but that's all nonsense. You have no boat, what are you going to do now?

ARCH. Oh, I'm going somewhere, I suppose.

FOG. Humph! Do you start to-morrow?

ARCH. Probably; by that time I will be ready to move on.

FOG. Just so. I will stay to supper, I think. (*Comes forward and sits by the fire, warming his hands and feet.*)

ARCH. Very well; perhaps you will tell me who you are?

FOG. Fog; Amos Fog; fisherman and hunter among the islands farther south.

ARCH. How long have you lived here?

FOG. About fifteen years. I saw your fire and came in shore to see what it meant; for in fifteen years no one has ever camped here before.

ARCH. I suppose not. And so you have been here all that time, then?

FOG. Off and on; off and on; I live a wandering life. (ARCHIE *fills a pipe for* FOG *and they smoke, while* ARCHIE *prepares supper.*) But stranger, s'pose you tell me about yourself. I s'pose you're up here prospectin'?

ARCH. No, can't say that I am. I have no intention of settling here. I am merely idling away a summer in the wilderness, and will soon go back to civilization, never to return, at least not this way. I may go across the plains next year, or perhaps south. Here, try this flask. (*Produces flask, which* FOG *drinks from, and then smacks his lips.*)

FOG. Ah, that's good. It goes right to the inner man. I don't see how you live, stranger. You can't surely carry much along with you?

ARCH. Live? I live like a prince. See these tin cases; I carry in them a little tea, and even a few lumps of white sugar as a special treat to put into my tea on a wet night.

FOG. Where did you buy that sugar?

ARCH. I brought it from below. For literature, I carry Shakspeare's sonnets; the cream of the whole world's literature; and then I have this painting, one I painted. Is she not as beautiful as a dream?

FOG. I don't know much about dreams; but isn't she a trifle heavy in build to be a dream? They dress like that now, I s'pose; flowered gowns and gold chains around the waist, eh?

ARCH. Humph! I don't know how they dress, nor don't care, for I'm trying to forget all about womankind.

FOG. Oh! well don't get riled up about it, stranger. I guess I'll just camp down with you. You see it is late, and your fire's all made up and everything's all comfortable. Be-

sides, I have a long row before me to-morrow, as I'm on my way to the Beavers.

ARCH. Ah, they're very intelligent animals, I'm told.

FOG. Why, they're islands, boy. Big and Little Beaver. What do you know, if you don't know about the Beavers?

ARCH. Well, I know about man. I flatter I know the human animal well; and he is a miserable beast. (*Aside.*) And you're no exception to the rule, I see.

FOG. Is he? Who'd have thought it. Well, good-night. Don't trouble yourself if you hear me stirring in the night. I am often mighty restless. (*Goes into the tent and rolls himself in blanket. Lies down.*)

ARCH. Well, he does not lack for assurance, certainly; but never mind, he's welcome. Simple-minded old fellow; he has lived around here all his life, apparently. Think of the terrible infliction that would be to a man of my taste—to see no society, nor to taste any of the delights of high life. But—bah! society! out on it! I am sick of it all! Have lived a round of gayety and folly, only at last to be caught in the glittering network of love—only to have my heart broken at last.

> Alas, what sighs from our boding hearts
> The infinite skies have borne away.

(*sighs.*) But as I said before, I shall retire, and woo sweet sleep. (*Goes into the tent. Stage grows dark.* FOG *comes out of tent cautiously and looks back to see that* ARCHIE *is not stirring.*)

FOG. He's sound enough, now. I'd best make off with what booty I can before he wakens. (*Proceeds to rifle the stores of* ARCHIE; *takes the tin cans containing the sugar and tea.*) Sugar, that's what Flossy likes; it'll do me good to see her tiny teeth nibbling at them big lumps. Here's the book, too; that has them what-you-call-'ems in it. Why, it's poetry. Now that's just what Flossy likes. I'll take that, too. And here's the beautiful picter of the lady he showed me. I'll take that too, and show Flossy a rale live oil painting. Aha! he's a

waking up. I must be off. (*Runs off L. and jumps into his boat, which he paddles off L.*)

ARCH. (*Awakens and comes out of his tent. Looks around.*) The rascal's gone. So? a thief in the night. I might have known better than to entertain such a scaly specimen as he. But the old man was unarmed and he looked like such a simple-minded, harmless old fellow. Well, there's no chance of overtaking him now. He's out on the water far enough. Let's see what he has taken. (*Examines his stores.*) All my tobacco and whisky, I'll wager. No; nothing is touched except the sugar lumps, the book, and the picture of my darling Francesca. I'll find that ancient mariner, if I have to circumnavigate the entire globe. (*Close with flats in I.*)

FRONT SCENE IN ONE—WOOD OR HOUSE SCENE. (ENTER *from L.* PETER *the Parson, a small, slender man with smooth face, dressed in shabby black garments of clerical cut, and a thin cloak which he is drawing around him closely; he comes on shivering.*

PETER. Oh, it is miserable cold this autumn. But I have no money to spare for clothing, or even for a fire. I must bear it the best I can.

JASON. (ENTER *from R. laughing noisily,* JASON JARVIS, *a tall, bearded miner, very coarsely clad.*) Hello, boys, here's Peter the Parson. (*Calls off R.*) Say, Peter, come in and have a drop, won't ye? So? You won't, eh? It might fatten you up a little if you'd pay more attention to such things. (PARSON *passes by him and exits R.*) Humph, he don't even speak. I'll wake him up. (*Starts after* PETER *R. As he is about to exit,* ENTER MRS. MALONE *and confronts him.*)

MRS. M. Let him alone. Bad cess to ye, Jason. He's going to have his preachin' all to himself, as usual, I s'pose, for no one ever goes to hear him.

JASON. Let him alone, is it? No, I'll go and teach him a lesson, to speak to a gentleman when he's spoken to. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. M. And so the likes of him calls himself a gintleman. Why, the parson is ten toimes the gintleman, aven if he can't whip Jason. Ah, here comes the parson. Come this way, Mr. Parson, and he shan't harrum ye.

ENTER PETER *R. crosses over L. of* MRS. MALONE.

PETER. That man is surely very ungodly; and he is all the more to be feared for he is evidently intoxicated.

MRS. M. Sure ye don t know how to manage the brute. Lave that to me. I know how to manage me ould man whinever he gits half-seas over. Ye only want the Howly Virgin now, to be all right, yer Riverence, wid these miners.

PETER. All honor and affection are no doubt due to the Holy Mary; but my church does not, at present, allow her claim to—to adoration.

MRS. M. Well, now why don't you jest come right out now and be a rale Catholic? The Episcopal Church is next door to it, and it's aisy to see ye ain't happy in yer moind. If ye was a rale praste now, with the coat and all, 'stead of being a make-believe, the byes 'd respect you more, and they wouldn't notice yer soize so much. Or ye moight go back to the city, and loikely enough ye'd foind aisy work there that'd suit you.

PETER. I like hard work, Mrs. Malone.

MRS. M. But ye aint fit for it, sor. You'll niver get on here if you stay till the judgment day. Why, ye aint got ten people all told in yer chapel, and ye hev been here a year already, come Christmas. And ye don't take any keer of yourself, goin' around shiverin' and not atin' enough to kape a chicken alive. Why, how you're shiverin' now. Here, take somethin' to warm ye up. (*Produces a flask from her pocket which she gives him.*)

PETER. (*Refusing it.*) No, no, no. I am unalterably opposed to it.

MRS. M. Well, I reckon it's good for the insides.

PETER. You are very kind; but still I must refuse.

MRS. M. Well, then, ye'll come home wid me, and I'll give ye a bit of a sup for your stomach's sake. Ye surely will not refuse to ate?

PETER. I am not hungry, madam. You are so kind to me will you not tell me more about yourself? I have seen you often, for you come to my church.

MRS. M. Yes, I live near by; and my man is a miner over the hill.

PETER. You have children?

MRS. M. Not a brat. Glad of it, too.

PETER. You must be lonely then?

MRS. M. Oh, yes, I'm lonely enough, but I can't help that. I lead a miserable life enough. You see I aint what I useder be. I come of good stock in ould Ireland. I was one of the O'Scullys of County Tipperary, and they came from O'Brien, the king of Cashel and Munster; ye see I have ryal blood in me vanes, as red as a blood beet. Me father he kept a sthore in Tipperary until I fell in love wid Fergus Malone, and run off wid him to Americay. And Fergus he toorned out good for nothin' to work; and he didn't do nothin' but paint me all the toime.

PETER. Is yer husband an artist?

MRS. M. No, he is a miner—at prisent. But he used to like to paint me in all sort of ways; for he could jest daub to beat the divil, savin' yer Riverence. He always said my face was rale 'rental.

PETER. Oriental, I suppose you mean.

MRS. M. Yis, that's it. You should jest see the picters of me he painted—There's me as the "Queen of Sheba," as "Judy," as "Ruth," as "Esther," as "Poco-hunt-us," as "Goddessaliberty," as "Sunset," and as "October" eight times. "Sunset" is the one as has red paint behind it like clouds.

PETER. Did your husband make anything out of his pictures?

MRS. M. No, that's what he didn't. When we first run

away and came to this country, he went to Shecagy to sell his picters; he said he was a goin' to buy me a new silk dress and some earrings, and after that a farm. But pretty soon he come home in a lake scow widout a penny in his pocket, and bringin' all the picters back wid him. Well, he tried every kind of thrade after that, and finally he come way out here to the Beaver settlement and settled down as a miner. (*Commences to groan and weep.*)

PETER. Groaning probably relieves you.

MRS. M. Yes, yer Riverence, it's kinder company when I'm all alone; but ye see it's hard to have to come down to livin' in this out of the way place when I was onct called the prettiest gal in all Tipperary. Well, sir, ye may not believe it, but I had open-work stockings and feathers in my winter bonnets before I was married. But you come home wid me, and take a bite, Parson, and I'll show ye all thim picters until ye can't rest. (*Exit with* PARSON *R. Pull off and disclose.*)

SCENE THIRD. (*Stage dark. Pull off flats and disclose an open sea, set rocks across in 2, behind which baize is waved to represent waves. Boat, set to work in grooves, at 2, behind set rocks. Boat is at L. ready to be drawn on. A small house is partly shown R. 4 E., mounted high on piles as if above lake out of reach of the waves. A small balcony to be used, large and strong enough to hold two or three persons, extends out from the door of the house, with a neat railing around balcony. Door of the house opens on the balcony. Window of house also shows with small white curtain, and flowers on the window sill, as also on the balcony railing. A rope ladder hangs from the edge of the balcony down to the water.* ARCHIE *appears coming on in boat at L. 2 E.*

ARCHIE. I have undertaken this voyage from a pure inborn sense of justice. My book of sonnets and my Francesca's picture, indeed! Would nothing else content him? He seems to be a very æsthetic rogue; but I'll find him, if I

perish in the attempt. Well, I must unlimber myself and get out of this fog, or I shall be lost. (*Paddling vigorously; stops and looks up.*) How fast it is coming in. (*Looks around and discovers the house at R. 4.*) Thank heaven I am safe. I can reach that house and find a safe harbor. (*Paddles, and the boat goes off R. 2 E.* FLOSSY *comes out of the house as the boat goes off, and begins to sing, at the same time attending to the flowers on the balcony. While she is thus engaged the boat is arranged to come on at R. 4 E., directly at the foot of the house below the balcony.* ARCHIE *paddles boat on, and then stops to look up at the balcony. Starts at beholding* FLOSSY.) What does all this mean? A fairy, as I'm alive. (FLOSSY *seats herself in a chair. Produces a book from her pocket and goes to reading, at the same time nibbling at some lumps of white sugar which she also takes from her pocket.* ARCHIE *looks again.*) No, it can't be a fairy, for she is eating, so she must be human. She is eating sugar. Eating my sugar and reading my sonnets. Sugaration! that's cool. Well, at all events, my trip has not been in vain. (FLOSSY *stops reading, turns a page, and looks up. As she does so she catches sight of* ARCHIE *and leans over the balcony, her long, flossy hair floating out on the breeze.*)

FLOSSY. (*Calls out to* ARCHIE *below.*) Oh, George; is that you?

ARCH. No, it isn't George, it's Archie. But who are you?

FLOS. My name is "Silver Hair," as George calls me, and "Flossy," as father calls me. I see you aint George. Now, who are you, any way?

ARCH. A hungry, tired man, who would like to come aboard and rest awhile.

FLOS. Aboard? Why, this is not a boat.

ARCH. What is it then?

FLOS. A castle—Shadow Castle.

ARCH. Ahem! And you reside here?

FLOS. Of course; where else should I reside? Is it not a beautiful place?

ARCH. I could tell better if I was up there.

FLOS. Well, come up, then.

ARCH. How?

FLOS. Don't you see the ladder?

ARCH. Ah, yes; Jacob's Ladder, I suppose. George comes up this way, I suppose?

FLOS. He does not, but I wish he would.

ARCH. Undoubtedly. But tell me, did you ever hear about Jacob's Ladder?

FLOS. No; I never heard about it. Come up and tell me about it.

ARCH. You surely have read about it in the Bible?

FLOS. The Bible? What is the Bible?

ARCH. (*Aside.*) Is it possible she don't know what the *Bible* is? Surely this is a new kind of a heathen—and a very pretty one, too. (*Aloud.*) The Bible is a book.

FLOS. Oh, it's a book, is it? I like books. I have read five; and now I've got a new one.

ARCH. Ahem! Yes; and how do you like the new one? (*Comes up the ladder, having tied his boat to one of the piles which support the house. He climbs over the balcony and sits on the railing. Takes the book in his hands. Aside.*) It is the identical Shakspere. But the little witch is welcome to it, any way. (*Aloud.*) You have not answered my question. How do you—

FLOS. How do I like the book? I do not understand it at all. Perhaps you can explain it to me.

ARCH. (*Smiling.*) I think I can. That is, if you wish to learn.

FLOS. Is it hard to learn?

ARCH. That depends on the scholar. (JEANNETTE *appears at the door.*) Ah, this is another one of the family, eh?

FLOS. Yes, this is Jeannette, my nurse. (*Aside to* JEANNETTE.) He came in a boat, Jeannette; and he says he is tired and hungry; so we had best have supper now, without waiting for father. As soon as the sun goes down it will be quite damp;

perhaps you had best build a small fire. Just a few shavings and one little stick, Jeannette. (*Exit* JEN. *at door.*) While Jeannette is getting supper I will show you my flowers and pets.

ARCH. By all means. Have you anything in the way of mermaidens?

FLOS. The idea! No, mermaidens dwell in the water; they can't live in houses as we can. Did you not know that? I have seen them on moonlight nights far out at sea, combing their hair; and so has Jeannette, and so has Aunt Shadow.

ARCH. Aunt Shadow? Another member of the family? (*Aside.*) Perhaps a ghost.

FLOS. Yes; she's a member of our family, only she aint here any more. She went away one night when I was asleep. I do not know why it is, but if people go away from here in the night they never come back. Will you do so?

ARCH. No; when I go away, I will take you with me. (*Laughing.*)

FLOS. Will you? very well; and father can go too, and Jeannette?

ARCH. (*Aside.*) She really takes me in earnest—the innocent little puss. (*Aloud.*) Well, I don't know about them; but we wont talk about it just yet.

FLOS. Well, I really don't care to leave here, for I am so happy. I wouldn't live on the shore, would you?

ARCH. Oh, certainly not. But you do not find all these flowers on the shore, do you?

FLOS. No; father found them. He finds everything for me. He has something in his boat almost every night for me. Oh, I hope he will come soon, and I know he will be so glad to see you.

ARCH. Will he? (*Aside.*) I wish I was sure of that. (*Aloud.*) Has he any men with him?

FLOS. Oh, no; we live here all alone—father, Jeannette, and I.

ARCH. But you were expecting somebody you called George.

FLOS. Yes; I have been expecting George for more than two weeks. Every night I watch for him; but he does not come. Perhaps he and Aunt Shadow will come together; do you think they will?

ARCH. Oh, certainly. (*Aside.*) Anything to please the little witch.

FLOS. Oh, I'm so glad, so glad! for father and Jeannette will never say so. I think I shall like you. Say, what shall I call you?

ARCH. Well, you may call me Archie.

FLOS. Would you like some lumps of sugar?

ARCH. No, thank you, you can keep them.

FLOS. Father brought them to me. Brown sugar we have always; but white, not always, and I like it so much. Don't you?

ARCH. No, I care nothing for it. (FLOSSY *takes up a bit of sewing from basket at her side and commences to sew.*)

ARCH. So you can sew?

FLOS. Of course I can. Aunt Shadow taught me. There is no need to do it, for I have so many dresses, silks and satins, too; but I like to sew.

ARCH. Yes, and I think I heard you singing as I came up the lake. Will you not sing for me? (*She begins singing, and continues until boat comes on at L. 2 E.*)

FLOS. Ah, there comes father. I hear the oars of his boat. Yes, I see him. (*She leans over the balcony.*)

ARCH. (*Aside.*) I may as well face the old rogue at once.

FOG. (*Coming on L.*) Ah, she is there. I can see her plainly. (*Calling.*) Are you there, darling, well and safe?

FLOS. Yes, father.

FOG. (*Aside.*) There is some one with her, and it is not Jeannette. But who can it be? (*He rows off R. 2 E., and reappears at R. 4 E., where he hitches his boat and climbs the rope ladder.*)

FLOS. (*Leaning over balcony.*) Yes, father, I am here, and so glad to see you. (*Her father's head appears above the balcony on ladder.*) We have a visitor, father dear; are you not glad to see him?

FOG. (AMOS *climbs over the balcony and confronts* ARCHIE.) What are you doing here?

ARCH. Looking for my property. (*Aside to* FOG.)

FOG. (*Aside.*) Take it, and begone.

ARCH. (*Aside.*) I will—to-morrow.

FLOS. His name is Archie, father; and we must keep him with us.

FOG. Yes, dear; no doubt, as long as he wishes to stay. But perhaps he has a home and friends waiting for him.

FLOS. What have you brought to-night for me, father?

FOG. Nothing, child; that is—nothing of consequence. But it is growing late. Run off to your nest.

FLOS. Oh, no, papa. You have had no supper, nor—

FOG. I am not hungry. Go, child, go; do not worry me.

FLOS. Worry you, father? never. (*Embraces him and then kisses him.*) Well, I will go straight to my room now. Good-night—Archie.

ARCH. Good-night. (*Exit* FLOSSY *at door. Aside.*) Now for us two.

FOG. (*Drawing up his chair confidentially.*) You see how it is; that child is the darling of my life, and I could not resist taking those things for her from you; she has so few books and she likes those little lumps of sugar—just as any child likes candy. It's all right, aint it?

ARCH. Oh, certainly, it's all right about them; she is welcome to them. But what about the picture of my lady love that you *stole*?

FOG. Sh-sh-sh! not so loud. I would not have her know for the world that I *stole* them. It was a father's foolish pride to take that picter. I knew that Flossy was far prettier than it, but I wanted to see the two side by side. My Flossy is prettier—now isn't she?

ARCH. I do not think so.

FOG. Don't you, though? Well, I suppose it is 'cause I am foolish about Flossy; but you see she is all the world to me. We live here all alone. My sister brought her up.

ARCH. You mean Aunt Shadow, that went away?

FOG. Yes; she was my sister, and—and—she went away last year. Have a pipe, stranger?

ARCH. I should think you would find it hard work to live here.

FOG. I do; but a poor man can't choose. I hunt and fish, and get out a few furs sometimes. I traffic with the Beaver Island people now and then. I bought all my furniture in that way. You wouldn't hardly think it, but they did have a great many nice things down to Beaver.

ARCH. It looks to me like steamboat furniture.

FOG. That is it; it is. A steamer went to pieces down there, and they saved almost all her furniture and fixings. They are very good sailors.

ARCH. Wreckers, perhaps.

FOG. Well, I would not like to say that. You know we *do* have terrible storms in these waters; and then, there is the fog; this part of Lake Michigan is foggy half the time. Twelve hours out of the twenty-four the gray mist lies on the water here and outside, shifting slowly backward and forward like a waving curtain.

ARCH. Yes, I had an experience of the fog. I came near being lost in it. But tell me more about your little girl. She tells me she has a great many dresses—silks and fine things. How did you get them for her?

FOG. Oh, those silks came from the steamer too—the trunks, you know. But I have never told Flossy. She might ask where were the people they belonged to, and I should have to tell her they were drowned; and then the little gal wouldn't feel like wearing them any more.

ARCH. I do not like the idea of dressing in dead men's

clothes. It does not seem right that such a bright, happy creature as she should do so.

FOG. Neither do I like the idee. But how could we help their drowning, when we were not there to save them? Besides, those dresses were going for a song after the wreck, down at Beaver. The child loves pooty things; so what else could I do but buy 'em for her? You wont tell her, will you, stranger? I may have done wrong in the matter; but it would kill me to have the child lose faith in me. You wont tell her about it, eh?

ARCH. No, I will not. Why should I?

FOG. Sure enough; why should you? That's right. Thankee. Take a glass of hot punch, will you, stranger? I'll get it ready in no time. (*Exits into house.*)

ARCH. (*Aside. Smoking.*) What does all this mean? There is some mystery here. I like it not. What motive can this old chap have in keeping the little fairy cooped up in this old hulk, all her life, away from the world, away from society; but, pshaw! society would spoil her as it has spoiled me. Perhaps he wishes to keep her from being tarnished by rough contact with the world. Well, if she were mine I could not want her to be less innocent and unsophisticated than she is. She is simplicity, and innocence, and childishness personified. (ENTER FOG *with a glass of punch steaming hot, which* ARCHIE *drinks slowly while conversing.*) Are you going to keep the girl shut up here forever?

FOG. No, that's just it. No, I am not. But you see she has been but a child all this time—nothing but a child. My sister has taught her well. We have done the best we could by her. But as soon as I have a little more money—just a little more—I intend to move to one of the towns down the lake and have a small house and everything comfortable. I have planned it all out. I shall have—(*Aside.*) Hanged if he aint falling asleep. It's taking effect. I'll soon have him out of the way.

ARCH. (*Waking out of a doze*) I think I had best retire, as I feel weary.

FOG. Certainly, but as I was saying—

ARCH. Never mind; I can hear the rest to-morrow.

FOG. Very well, so you are going to-morrow? I am sorry you go so soon; I'd like to have you stay a few days. I am going over to-morrow to the shore where I first met you, to tend to some traps. Perhaps you'd like to go along and enjoy a little hunting?

ARCH. No, I have had too much of that already. I should like to find a steamer or vessel going to Chicago.

FOG. Nothing easier. I'll take you down to the Islands to-morrow, if the wind is fair, and you can catch a vessel there. Would you like to look round the castle? I am going to draw the ladders up. No? Well then, let me show you your room. This way, sir. (*They exit into house.* FOG *re-enters from house and sits smoking.*) He must not stay here another day. How in the mischief did he come here? It must have been by accident. (*A brief silence.*) And he's seen my Flossy, too. If he stays here another day he would be for running away with her; and what could I do without Flossy. He must not stay here. I must get rid of him to-night. I can do it easily. That punch was drugged, and he is sound asleep by this time. I'll let him down in a boat, and I'll row him over to Beaver before he wakes up; and then I'll leave him on shore, and when he wakes up and comes to his senses he wont know whar he is. That's what I'll do. (*Exit into the house. Comes out bearing* ARCHIE *in his arms fast asleep. Puts a rope under* ARCHIE'S *arms, then lets him down slowly from the balcony by the rope until* ARCHIE *is safely deposited in boat below. He then prepares the rope ladder to descend to boat; but as he is about to descend ladder, the boat drifts off.*) Good God! it has broken loose and is drifting out into an open sea, and in the thickest fog I ever saw. (*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

View of an open sea, same as last act. Scene, set rocks in front, but no house in sight. Stage very dark. Storm, thunder and lightning. Baize waved up and down so as to show the lake in violent commotion. Boat containing ARCHIE *is moved on L. 2, with* ARCHIE *in it asleep. He wakens slowly as if dreaming.*

ARCH. Poor old man! How he must have worked, and stolen, and starved to keep her safe and warm in this far away nest of his, hidden in the fogs. Well, I wont betray the old fellow; but I'll go to-morrow. Yes, I'll go to-morrow! (*Starts up, looks around wildly.*) What does this all mean? Where am I? What does it all mean? I went to sleep in the old castle, and I waken to find myself at sea in an open boat. My God! but this is some treachery! Could he be so heartless as to set me adrift to perish? Well, I must save myself, somehow. I must paddle out of this fog, and then perhaps I can see land somewhere. We'll see who will conquer, Fate or I. (*Begins to paddle vigorously. His oar strikes bank at R. 2 E., and he feels for the bank with oar.*) Yes, it is land! land! I an saved at last! (*Carefully feels his way, and then alights on the bank after securing his boat to bank. While he is mooring the boat,* AMOS FOG *has climbed up at R. 4 E., and has tied a large torch high in the branches of a tree so that it illuminates the water, and lights up the scene.* ARCHIE *sees the torch.*) What can that mean? It was not there a moment ago. Perhaps some one has put it there as a guide for me. They must have seen my little boat out at sea, and placed that torch in the tree to show me which way the land lay. Thank God for that. (*Looks around.*) Strange. The harbor must be on the other side. (*Looks out to sea, L.*) Great God! there is a vessel heading this way. It is coming toward the reef. It will go to pieces on the rocks, but I am helpless, and I cannot aid the poor wretches. There, I hear a crash! It has gone aground and it will soon go to pieces. (*Looks up at light.*) The light!

it is a lure! a false light! I must take it down. (*Starts to go off R., when he is roughly seized by* AMOS FOG, *who grasps him by the throat. They struggle.*)

FOG. I know you—rascal. You have come back to life, have you? I thought I was rid of you forever. But I'll make short work of you now. (*Throws* ARCHIE *down on his knees and strangles him.* ARCHIE *attempts to cry out.*) No use to cry out. Better say your prayers, youngster, and say 'em quick. (ARCHIE *reaches round to his hind pocket and gets revolver.* FOG *tries to grasp his arm, but* ARCHIE *struggles, and in the scuffle the revolver goes off and* FOG *falls, groaning with pain.*) Oh, I am wounded. Stop; do not kill me.

ARCH. Kill you? you tried to kill me, wretch. It was you who set that lure.

FOG. Yes.

ARCH. Well, can anything be done for those men on board? Answer, or I'll end your miserable life at once. I don't know why I did not kill you outright, you miserable coward.

FOG. Nothing can be done now. It's too late. I know every inch of the reef and shore. Besides, it was only a small schooner. There's not more'n six on board.

ARCH. Silence. Each man of the six is worth a hundred such as you.

FOG. That may be, for my life aint worth much now, sence you shot me. Stranger, can't you do something for me, or I shall bleed to death. Don't mind *them*. They're about gone now. The water is deadly cold out thar. By daylight the things will be coming ashore. You'll see to 'em for me, wont you.

ARCH. See to them? I'll see to nothing, murderer.

FOG. Murderer? and if I die, what are *you* but a murderer?

ARCH. An avenger.

FOG. Flossy would die, too; there is but little left in the house and she'd starve soon. It was for her sake that I come out here to-night.

ARCH. Well, I will take her away; not for your sake but for her own.

FOG. But how could you find her?

ARCH. As soon as it is daylight I can sail over.

FOG. Over? Over where? That is it, you do not know. Stranger, you might row and sail about here for days, and I'll warrant you'd never find my castle. It's hidden away in a nest of reeds, trust me for that. The way to it lies through a perfect tangle of channels, and islands, and marshes; and the fog covers it about half of the time. The only approach to it is through a channel masked by a movable bed of sedge which I contrived and which turns you back into the marsh by another way. So you might float around for days and never find the castle.

ARCH. I found it once.

FOG. That was because you came from the north shore, which aint guarded, because no one ever comes from that way. You are miles away from there now.

ARCH. Well, I shall find it again, as I found it before, never fear. Tell me the truth, old man, has the girl no boat?

FOG. No.

ARCH. Will any one go to rescue her? Does any one know of the castle?

FOG. Not a human being on this earth beside myself.

ARCH. Where are Aunt Shadow and George that she told me about?

FOG. Didn't you guess that, stranger? Aunt Shadow is dead; and the boy I sent away because he was so foolish as to fall in love with Flossy. My child knows nothing of death. I only told her that her aunt had gone away, and I never could bear to undeceive her.

ARCH. But is there no way for her to cross the islands to the mainland?

FOG. No; there is a circle of deep water all around the castle outside.

ARCH. I see then, that there is nothing to do but to save your justly forfeited life. It would not be worth the saving, if it were not for the child. (*Stoops over* AMOS *and attends to his wounds.*) Tell me why you placed all my property in the boat with me when you set me adrift? As you are a thief and a robber I should have thought you would have kept them.

FOG. I did not wish to harm you; only to get rid of you. You had provisions, and your chances were as good as ever if you ever came to shore.

ARCH. But I might have found my way back to the castle?

FOG. Once outside you could never have done that

ARCH. I could have gone back along shore?

FOG. No; there are miles and miles of swamps where the streams come down. But tell me, do you see anything coming ashore?

ARCH. No; the poor men's bodies will wash ashore, no doubt.

FOG. No; they don't often come in here; and they're more than likely to drift out to sea.

ARCH. Miserable man. So this is not the first time you have wrecked a vessel?

FOG. Only four times—only four times, in fifteen long years. And then only because my Flossy was close to starvation. The steamer was honestly wrecked—the "Anchor" of the Buffalo line—and she did not go to pieces for two days; and what I gathered from her lasted me a long time, besides furnishing the castle. It was a godsend to me—that steamer, stranger.

ARCH. Yes, no doubt; but you are none the less a murderer.

FOG. Do not judge me too harshly, boy. I work, I slave, I go hungry and cold to keep *her* happy and warm. But there are times when everything fails, and starvation is at the door. But *she* never knows it; none of 'em ever knows it, for I keep the keys and tell 'em little stories just to please 'em. But as

God is my judge, the wolf has often been at my door, and is there now unless something washes ashore.

ARCH. Why do you not fish and hunt for her food?

FOG. Fish and hunt? I do, stranger; but my darling is not accustomed to coarse food; her delicate life must be carefully nourished. Oh, *you* do not know. You do not know all. I am growing old, and my eyes and hands are not what they were once; that very night when I came home and found you there, I had just lost overboard my last supplies which I had stored so long for her sake. If I could walk now, I would show you my cellar and storehouse in the woods. But I can't walk. Mebbe I'll never walk again, for this wound is a very dangerous one, and may lame me for life.

ARCH. Never mind that now. You surely could have labored honestly, and could have supported your child in that way.

FOG. Labor? Ah, how I have labored for her. I have felt my muscles crack; I have dropped like a log from sheer weariness. Talk of tortures! which of them have I not felt, with the pains and faintness of exposure and hunger racking me from head to foot. Have I stopped for snow and ice? Never. I have worked, worked, worked, with the tears of pain rolling down my cheeks, with my body gnawed with hunger. Last night when I was shifting my boxes of provisions they slipped and fell overboard out of my grasp, just as if they knew it—knew all the time that they were the last. So I had to come home empty-handed, and I found *you there*. When I sent you adrift I would have taken your supplies for my Flossy's sake, only I couldn't send you adrift without a chance for life. You look at me with scorn. You are thinking of those dead men out there—but what are they *to my Flossy*—rough, common fellows.

ARCH. They are better than you are, at all events. Well, I am going to try to save them, if I can.

FOG. You are not going? You are not going to leave me

to die? Ah, well, that is all I can expect from you. The sun will come and burn me, thirst will come and madden me; this wound will torture me, and all is no more than I deserve. But Flossy! if I die she dies. Come back. If you forsake me, you forsake her. You cannot reach her alone, and I—only I—can guide you to her. Oh, save me for her sake. Oh, God have pity and soften his heart. (*Falls fainting on bank. Close in.*)

SCENE SECOND—FRONT SCENE—WOOD OR WATER.

ARCH. (ENTER ARCHIE *R.*) It is too late. I cannot save them. I tried to reach them in the boat, but could find no trace of the wreck, so I came back to the shore. What a wretch is this Fog, who could lure them on to death. He deserves a worse death. I do not feel it would be right to save him. But I must for the sake of the girl. (*Stops irresolute.*) Yes, I will go to him. I am a brute to desert a dying man. (ENTER *from R.* FOG, *dragging himself on slowly and painfully. Falls at the entrance R.* ARCHIE *runs to him.*) The man has dragged himself thus far in search of me, rather than let his child starve. How he must love the little one. Yes, I must save her. I will take him, and he shall guide me back to her. After that, it would not matter much if he should die, if it would be any expiation for this wholesale crime. (*Goes to old* FOG *and lifts him up.*) He has dragged himself along until he has unloosened the bandages. (*He proceeds to bind up the man's wounds again, and to restore him to consciousness by applying a flask to* FOG'S *lips.*) There is blood on him and he has left a trail of blood behind him, marking the way he came. My God! if this man dies I shall be his murderer. I shudder to think of it—of the life-long remorse and misery that it would cause me.

FOG. (*Reviving, looks up.*) Thank God, I have found you. Take me home, sir. Take me home. But stop! First look and see if anything has come ashore. If there is nothing, my darling will starve, for I am unable to help her.

ARCH. (*Looks off R.*) Yes, there are several casks and a box stranded in the shallow water. But I cannot touch them. *I* am not a wrecker.

FOG. You are not a wrecker? Yes, and you can thank God for that. But if you let my darling starve, do you not think you would be worse than a wrecker?

ARCH. Never mind that; I have money. I can purchase for her as many dainties as she may wish. She shall be well treated, never fear. (*Lifts* FOG *up in his arms.*) But shall we see the castle to-night?

FOG. We may be there to-night if the wind does not shift.

ARCH. Have we then so far to go? Why, I came across in a night.

FOG. Add a day to the night and you have it. I let you down at night and you drifted away; but the drug held you in its strong hold for a long day, and you never knew what happened to you. Then the storm came up and I came over here to set the light. It was a chance that I did not count on when your boat floated this way and landed you; and when I saw you, I knew I would have to get rid of you, or you would discover my plot to wreck the vessel. And—and this is the end of it all.

ARCH. Yes, this is the end of all your plotting and scheming, and it is nearly the end of you.

FOG. Yes, it may be; but I want you to promise me—promise that you will never betray me to my child.

ARCH. I promise.

FOG. That is not enough. Swear it.

ARCH. I swear to you as between man and man, that I will not betray you.

FOG. That is enough! Now let us go on or it will be too late. (ARCHIE *picks him up and carries him off R. Pull off and disclose interior of the castle.*)

SCENE THIRD. *Interior of the castle. A large table C. Bed with curtains L. C. at rear, in which* FOG *is lying, very sick.* ARCHIE *is seated near the table R. reading.*

FOG. I suppose you know what day this is?

ARCH. No, I have lost all reckonings of time and place.

FOG. You are worse than I am. I keep a reckoning, although I do not show it. To-day is Sunday, but Flossy does not know it. All days are alike to her. She does not know what the Sabbath means, and she has never heard of the Bible.

ARCH. (*Dropping his book.*) Yes she has, for I told her.

FOG. You told her? (*Starting up in bed.*)

ARCH. Be quiet or you will disturb those bandages again. I only asked her if she had read the book, and she said *no.* That was all. But supposing that I had told her about the Bible, would it harm her to know of it?

FOG. It would harm her to lose faith in *me*

ARCH. Then why have you not told her so yourself?

FOG. I left her to grow up as the flowers grow. Is that not enough? Is she not pure and good? Yes, a thousand times more so than any school or church could make her.

ARCH. And yet you have taught her to read?

FOG. Yes. I knew not what might happen. I could not expose her, defenceless in a hard world. Religion is all fancy, but education is like an armor. I cannot tell what may happen.

ARCH. That is very true. You may die, you know. You are an old man.

FOG. Don't talk of death. Let me be in peace while I may. (*Turns his face to the wall.*)

ARCH. Ah, I see, I have touched the old man's conscience. Well, I will let him be. Let him think it all over, and perhaps he will repent sometime. I must stay here until he recovers. Of course I cannot leave them to starve. And if he dies I will take them away from here—back to civilization and give

them the benefits of a home and society. Society? There it is again. How I hate that word. But then, this little pearl of Shadow Castle surely would shine in society, even if she had nothing more to recommend her than her precious innocence.

ENTER JEANNETTE *from R. Approaches him.*

JEANNETTE. Bon jour, Monsieur.

ARCH. Talk English to me, please. I hate French. Sit down, I want to talk to you. It is about Flossy.

JEAN. Yes; isn't she beautiful?

ARCH. Ahem, no; not exactly in my eyes.

JEAN. Why, what more can you want, Monsieur? She has pretty eyes and hair.

ARCH. There is no mind in her face; she has no education.

JEAN. But she is still a child.

ARCH. Yes, that's just it. She will always be a *child*; she will never mature.

JEAN. Oh, yes, she will. She can cook, and sew, and dance, and sing.

ARCH. Oh yes, without doubt. Certainly, and amen to all that! But she cannot read very well; she is hardly beyond the spelling period, when she repeats "The good boy has a top," "The good girl can sew a seam." Now what does all that amount to?

JEAN. You must be patient with her. Teach her yourself.

ARCH. Teach her myself. But I—what if I do not like the task. You forget that I am a woman-hater?

JEAN. Suppose you try. It will amuse you.

ENTER *from L.* FLOSSY, *in short dress, hair down.*

FLOS. Jeannette, I have come to have you braid my hair. (*Seats herself in front of* JEANNETTE, *who begins braiding her hair.* ARCHIE *regards her closely.*)

ARCH. (*Aside.*) She is very beautiful. I might paint her picture in that attitude, with her hair down. It would make a fine companion picture for my portrait of Francesca. Bah!

It is sacrilege to speak of those two in the same breath. Francesca, with her wealth of golden hair and her rich, oriental complexion—and this little blonde—oh, well, they are both pretty, but in an opposite way—that's all. (*Aloud.*) Flossy, what would you say if I were to paint your picture?

FLOS. Ah, do, please do, Archie. That will be so nice. It will look so nice beside the other one. (ARCHIE *turns his back and scowls.*) Yes, paint it for me. I will dance for you and sing now, if you wish. (*Begins to dance.*)

ARCH. Stop child! It is Sunday.

FOG. (*Peering out from the bed.*) Let her dance. No matter what the day is; let her dance, I say. It does my old heart good to see her dance. (FLOSSY *comes forward and dances.* ARCHIE *does not pay any attention; but* FOG *and* JEANNETTE *applaud her.*)

FOG. Now, my pet Flossy, will you not sing something for your father? (*She introduces song here, then exits L.*)

JEAN. Do you not like her? She is bright, and pretty, and—

ARCH. Do not deceive yourself. It is all superficial.

JEAN. Why do you judge the child so harshly? She is a poor unfriended girl, and I will defend her against any one; I will put her against a man even, who has the best of Boston culture behind him.

ARCH. (*Aside.*) She means me. But never mind, I can fall back on my culture for safety, anynow. Oh well, I shall not get sentimental over her. (*Aloud.*) You can go, Jeannette, as it is getting late. I will watch by his bedside tonight.

JEAN. Thank you, Monsieur, you are very kind. (*Exit L. bowing.*)

ARCH. Now I am all alone, I will smoke my pipe. I call it Sweet Silence, and it is fitly named. It is far preferable to that chattering French girl. Boston culture, indeed! What does she know of Boston culture, that she must depreciate it

in that style. Why, I doubt if she has ever seen Boston. Well, if the old man should die, as he is very likely to do, if his wound does not improve, I would take Flossy to Boston with me, and put her in a good school; and I would give her a first-class education; then I would bring her out into society and —confound it—there it is about society again. (*Gets up, pokes the fire and then looks at the old man in bed.*) He's fast asleep, and resting easily. I'll go back to my easy chair and think about Francesca. (*Goes to window and looks out.*) What a horrible storm is raging without! The rain comes down in sheets. Thank heaven for a good shelter and a warm fire. (*A knock is heard at the door C. and* ARCHIE *goes to the door and opens it.*)

ENTER GEORGE JONES.

A slim young man with pale and pinched features, large eyes, and haggard look. He is dressed shabbily, and the water is running from his garments in little streams. He stands shivering, looking at ARCHIE *in a suspicious manner.*

ARCH. What do you want?

GEO. Shelter. (ARCHIE *draws him in and shuts the door.*)

ARCH. Well, this is a pretty time of the night to come for shelter. Who are you? Explain yourself.

GEO. I'm George.

ARCH. So *you* are the George I have heard so much about. And where did you come from?

GEO. Nowhere.

ARCH. Why, fool, you are now next door to nowhere. Stop shivering, you horrible image of despair.

GEO. Please sir, I can't help it.

ARCH. Oh, can't you? I suppose not. Well, of course I shall have to go to work, as I knew I should at the first, and get you into dry clothes. Sit down here. (GEORGE *sits in the easy chair in which* ARCHIE *has been sitting.*) Now take off your clothes—your outside clothes, I mean. (GEORGE *takes off his*

coat, hat and shoes, and puts them in a pile.) Now, youngster, put on these. (ARCHIE *gives him coat and shoes of his own.*) Well, you begin to look like a man now, with *my* clothes on. (ARCHIE *then sits down by him and begins smoking.*)

GEO. I do feel a bit comfortabler.

ARCH. Well, as there's no use calling up the folks, suppose you sit here and tell me all about yourself, while you are getting warm. What's your name?

GEO. George Washington Jones; I'm a poor orphan and I've got the chills and fever so bad I had to come back; but I didn't expect to find strangers.

ARCH. So I suppose you want to know how I came here, eh? Well, I drifted in; then the old gentleman met with an —an accident, and I've been taking care of him ever since, and doctoring him in the hopes of saving his life. From the appearance of yourself I should judge that I've saved yours, too.

GEO. Yes, I reckon you have, governor. I was out on the mainland hunting, but I didn't have any luck, and I tried to cross back to Beaver Islands, but got lost in the fog; the fog kept me prisoner until all my provision was gone, and I was half dead with hunger; I had been drifting for two days without food when I came across the castle, and knew my bearings. So I put in here, hoping to find Flossy and shelter. I only want to stay until the storm goes down. I don't want to stay any longer, governor, since he druv me away. I wouldn't have come back now, only I wanted so bad to see Flossy.

ARCH. So the old man chased you away because you were in love with Flossy, eh?

GEO. That's just it, governor. 'Cause I loved the gal.

ARCH. You should do nothing of the kind. Don't you know that falling in love is all sheer foolishness? Why, you aint a man yet.

GEO. Yes I am, as much a man as I'll ever be, governor.

ARCH. What do you know of the world now? You have

never been away from here any great distance, and know nothing of the outside world.

GEO. Yes, I know that; but *I'm* satisfied.

ARCH. George, I want to tell you something in confidence. I don't expect the old man will get well. In that case Flossy would be without a natural protector—

GEO. Oh, but I'll protect her.

ARCH. Nonsense! You couldn't protect your grandmother. Now, I am rich, have a good home, move in good society; I intend to take Flossy away with me—in case the old man dies, and give her a good education, and the bringing up of a lady.

GEO. Oh, sir, she wouldn't speak to *me* then.

ARCH. I'll do more, George. You seem to be "a likely boy," as the phrase is out here. I'll take you too, and give you a good business education, and a start in life.

GEO. Would I be near Flossy, if I went with you?

ARCH. Ah, I don't know about that. You see I would not have you together much, for she would be away at boarding school, and you would be in Boston, in business.

GEO. Yes, but I couldn't abear that, nohow. I couldn't stay away from her no time at all.

ARCH. Is it so bad as that, George?

GEO. Yes, 'deed and double; I'm in earnest, head over heels. I say, governor, don't you think she's got a nice little face, now aint she?

ARCH. Really, I'm no judge of her style. I will show you the picture of a lovely woman I once knew. (*Produces the picture of* FRANCESCA.) There are many such faces out in the world, and you can see them if you go.

GEO. (*Gazing at the picture closely.*) It's some queen, I reckon.

ARCH. No, no; it's a beautiful lady, and you shall know her; her very self if you wish. Look at the waves of golden hair, her starry eyes, her velvet skin with its rose leaf glow.

See her head, her bearing, her exquisite royal beauty. Look, look with all your eyes, and tell me if *you, too,* can see anything in her to love.

GEO. It's mighty grand! it's powerful fine, governor; but arter all Flossy is sweeter nor her.

ARCH. (*Aside.*) Good Lord! can it be possible this boy has such depraved taste that he can see nothing in *my* Francesca to compare with *his* Flossy?

GEO. I say, governor, can't Flossy go with me?

ARCH. I tell you NO. You *must* give her up. She is as ignorant as you are; and being a woman she cannot learn, or rather unlearn.

GEO. But can't women folks learn?

ARCH. No; they are an inferior race. By nature they must be either slaves or tyrants—tyrants to the weak, slaves to the strong. The wise man binds them down; the chains may be gilded, but none the less they are chains.

GEO. Well then, governor, I'll just take Flossy with me as *my* slave. It 'll do, as long as I have her, somehow.

ARCH. Ha, ha, ha! *Why* do you want her, George? She is utterly ignorant.

GEO. I know it, governor.

ARCH. And she does *not love you.*

GEO. I know that, too; but the point of the thing is just here; she may not love me, governor, but I love her—love her so much that I can't live without her.

ARCH. Nonsense! boys always think so. Try it for six months, George, and you'll find I'm right. I've tried it myself, and escaped.

GEO. Not for six days, governor, I just couldn't.

ARCH. I'm afraid you're a fool, George.

GEO. I'm afraid so too, governor.

ENTER FLOSSY, *L.*

FLOS. I heard your voice, George, and so I came down to

see you. Why, how wet your clothes are; and how pale you look. Are you sick?

GEO. No, Flossy, I aint sick to speak of; I'm quite comf'ble here. I just couldn't help coming back to see you.

ARCH. Yes, and he nearly lost his life in the hazard. Flossy, I am talking of sending George away to school, as he seems to have no friends.

FLOS. What! go away? George to go away? And YOU, sir?

ARCH. Never mind that. What I want to know is, whether you are willing he should?

FLOS. Oh *yes*, sir; if it will be for his good. And YOU, *sir?*

ARCH. I don't know whether *I* shall go or not.

FLOS. It will be beautiful for him; yes, he must go; I shall *make* him.

ARCH. Will he do as you say, Flossy?

FLOS. Oh yes; he always does.

ARCH. But this time it will be different. He must leave *you* behind.

FLOS. Oh, as to that, *I* do not want to go away.

ARCH. But perhaps *he* will not go without *you?*

FLOS. Oh yes, he will. Poor old George! When you come back, George, I suppose you will have a great moustache like Archie's.

GEO. And I suppose you'd hardly say "How-d'ye-do," then. I say, Flossy, if I do go, will you give me a kiss for good-bye?

FLOS. Why of course I will. (*She trips across the floor and kisses his forehead lightly.*) That'll do, wont it, George?

GEO. Yes. You kin give the governor one too. Come, *I'll* let you. (*She stops.* ARCHIE *comes near her, stops, does not take her hand. She looks down for an instant and then looks up into his eyes very steadily.*)

ARCH. (*Aside.*) The girl is in love with *me.* I wish I had known it sooner, and I would have prevented it. (*Aloud.*)

George, I have changed my mind; if you go, Flossy shall go with you. You may marry her, and *I* will care for you both.

FLOS. Marry! you don't mean it, Archie? Tell me, are *you* going with us?

ARCH. Yes, I shall go home soon.

FLOS. You don't expect I would marry George, do you? I *never*, NEVER *will.*

ARCH. (*Aside.*) This has gone far enough. (*Aloud.*) Well, we will not talk of it now.

FLOS. Oh, sir, *you* are not going away. Say you are not; *say you are not.*

ARCH. (*Sharply.*) What if I am?

FLOS. Oh, Archie, oh—oh-h-h- (*Breaks down crying.*)

ARCH. There, there, child; go back to your rest, and let things be just as they are until the time comes. No need of worrying about other things as long as your father is ill.

GEO. Go, Flossy, and we'll talk it over to-morrow again. (*Exit* FLOSSY, *L.*) I don't know any other girl but Flossy, governor, and so I don't know whether they are all alike. She's vowed to you that she will never marry me—and—and before *you*, too, and it almost breaks my heart.

ARCH. Oh, nonsense; take heart, my boy, take heart. Don't give up so easily.

GEO. So easily? But it aint so easily, governor. Seems as though something was broken inside of me. Oh I know I'm homely and poor; but I'd work for her, and I'd take such good care of her, governor. Perhaps if you was to speak to her for me.

ARCH. Well, I will. And now pack yourself off to bed, for I've had enough of love's alarms for one night. (FOG *has raised himself up in bed, having awakened suddenly during the last speech, and now breaks out wrathfully.*)

FOG. Are you here, scoundrel? Did I not tell you to begone and never show your face again, after daring to make love to my Flossy? You miserable ingrate, after I have fed

you all these years, that you should turn on me in that style. I picked you up and saved you from a vessel, and it is but just that I should turn you adrift, when you proved so ungrateful. Out upon you! out, I say! Go this minute, and never dare show your face inside the door again!

ARCH. (*Aside.*) That would never do. (*Aloud.*) It would be certain death to send him out into such a storm as this.

FOG. That makes no difference. He deserves to die a thousand deaths. (GEORGE *is preparing to go when* FLOSSY *enters L. D. and runs to C. D.*)

FLOS. (*Placing herself in front of the door.*) Father, he *shall not* go. You must not send him out in such a storm. HE SHALL NOT GO!

FOG. What! *my* Flossy! Ah, well, let him stay until to-morrow. It is as well.

FLOS. Not only to-morrow, but as long as he likes, father. He shall not leave this house again without my consent.

FOG. It shall be as you wish, my darling. (*Falls back on his pillow.* GEORGE *runs to her, kneeling by her side, and kissing her hand.*)

CURTAIN ON PICTURE.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST. *Time, winter. An open stage. Snow on ground, and falling heavily.* FOG *and* ARCHIE *conversing C. at rise. This scene is on the mainland.*

FOG. I am quite well now; quite strong again. You must go to-day, or you will find yourself frozen in here for the winter. As it is, you may hit a late vessel off the islands that will carry you to Chicago.

ARCH. But you are not strong enough. I cannot go and leave you here alone.

FOG. It is either go *now*, or stay all winter. You do not, I presume, intend to make Flossy your wife—Flossy the daughter of *Fog the wrecker?*

ARCH. What new thing is this? (*Suspiciously.*)

FOG. Is it new? I thought it old; very old. I mean no mystery. I speak plainly. You helped me in my great strait, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart; perhaps it will be counted unto you for good in the reckoning up of your life. But I am strong again, and the ice is forming; besides, you can have no intention of making Flossy your wife.

ARCH. No, I certainly have *no such intention.* (*Hangs his head.*)

FOG. Very well. We must wait until dark, for Flossy seems restless, and perhaps she has some idea that you are going.

ARCH. Yes, she said this morning that I must not leave the castle. I protested, but said she, "Am I not queen of this castle? You yourself have said it, many a time. You cannot go, Archie, for *I* want you here." And with that she blinded my eyes with her little hands. And after that it seemed much harder to leave her. (*Sighing.*)

FOG. So I see you are already the least bit in love with her, are you not?

ARCH. Nonsense! I shall soon forget her, if I am. But others have better claims on her than I have. I cannot think of taking her away from you now.

FOG. No, no, no. She is my pet, my idol. I fairly worship her.

ARCH. Do you want me to tell you the truth, old man? Here it is, then. I am growing too fond of that girl. A little more, and I shall not be able to leave her.

FOG. Then stay. For she loves you.

ARCH. A child's love.

FOG. She will develop.

ARCH. Not into the wife *I* want.

FOG. Is she not lovely and good?

ARCH. She is; but I cannot forget that she is also *your* daughter.

FOG. She is not.

ARCH. She is not? what then?

FOG. I—I do not know; I found her, when a baby.

ARCH. A foundling? So much the worse. That is even a step lower.

FOG. (*Aside.*) He is as cruel as death. (AMOS *shrinks. Aloud.*) Well, you are going?

ARCH. Yes; along shore.

FOG. And die of hunger and cold?

ARCH. Do you not think I can trust to my own endurance?

FOG. I do not trust in that; I trust in God.

ARCH. For a wrecker and a murderer you have, I must say, a remarkably serene conscience.

FOG. Let that pass, sir. So you have decided at last to go and leave the child?

ARCH. She is no child, and you know it.

FOG. To me she is.

ARCH. I care not what she is to you, or any one else. She shall not be to me any more than she is now.

FOG. No more to you? What do you mean?

ARCH. No more than any other pretty piece of wax work. I hate all women. And there is no reason why I should fall in love with her. I am going away to avoid such a catastrophe. I will have nothing more to do with womankind. Give her my regards, and tell her we may not meet this side of the grave; but if we do, I can be nothing more to her than I am now.

FOG. What? You would break her heart.

ARCH. Bah! Nonsense. Women have no hearts. But good-bye, old man, and God bless you. (*Shakes hands with* FOG *and exits L.* FOG *watches him out of sight and then goes off R. very slowly.*)

ENTER *from L.* PARSON PETER *shrinking, as if afraid of something following him.*

PETER. Call off your dog, Mr. Jarvis. Call him off.

ENTER JARVIS.

JARVIS. 'Fraid, are ye? He aint doin' nothin' to you, Parson; but you're at liberty to kick him if you want to do so; only you must look out for the consequences. You're lookin' peaked, Parson. I 'low you must be sickly.

PETER. No, I'm not at all sickly.

JARVIS. You aint sickly? Well, if *you aint*, then I'd like to know who is, that's all; and you limp bad, too. But it aint so bad with you as it would be with a larger man. Ye see there aint so much of you to limp; that's one comfort. Hope business is good at your chapel, and that Mrs. Malone gives you enough to eat. You don't look like it, though. Besides, the winter has sot in airly and times are hard.

PETER. Yes, times are very hard.

JARVIS. Yes, times are so darned hard that it's a wonder that the people around here can afford a preacher. They're not one of the necessities when a man's starvin' to death. The boys are arter the man that's a stealin' pervisions from the store; and they say that ef he's caught he'll hev to hang for it; so you'd better look sharp.

PETER. Why should I look sharp?

JARVIS. Oh, they might tackle you; that's all. There's no knowing what the miners will do, when they's stirred up. That's all.

PETER. My good man, I hope you don't think I would—

JARVIS. I didn't say it was you, did I? I simply told you to look sharp. By the way, that shoutin' Methodist is at the schoolhouse holdin' forth now, this very minute. It's no use to me, of course, all your religions are alike to me, I'm free to say. But I wonder you and Brother Saul don't hitch up and work together. You'd do a heap of good if you would only pull together, 'specially sence the town aint big enough to afford two parsons.

PETER. His religion and mine differ, my good friend.

JARVIS. That's what *he* says. He was a shoutin' out last night and you'd jest ought to heard him. It was all about you, too. He said, "There's brimstone and a fiery furnace for them as doubts the truth. I tell you prayin' out of a book —and flowers, and candles, and night-gownds, 'stead of decent coats—for it's night-gownds they look like, though he may call 'em surplusses—won't do no good. Sech nonsense will never save souls, no how. You've jest got to fall down on your knees and pray hard—hard—without groanin' or roarin' of the sperrit —until you are as weak as a rag. Nothin' else will do—nothin'—nothin'."

PETER. His views and mine do not coincide. But I will not stop to argue the point, as I am growing very cold. So I will say good-day. I must harden myself to the cold. This evil tendency to self-indulgence must be crushed; good-day, sir. (*Exit R.*)

JARVIS. Ha, ha, ha! He's a queer dog, anyhow. Cold, is he? Well, I reckon this cold winter will about finish him up. Here comes my Jeannette. I must give her a piece of my mind about cantering round after the parson.

ENTER JEANNETTE *L., with a book in her hands.*

Well, Miss Jeannette, I see you are jest gettin' home from church. You've been up to hear that little dried-up parson. I aint goin' to stand by and see it, Jeannette. The puny little chap, the next thing he'll be makin' love to you.

JEAN. He cares nothing for me.

JARVIS. He shan't have a chance to care, if *I* can help it. You're free to say "no" to me, Jeannette; but ye ain't free to say "yes" to him. A reg'lar coward; that's what he is! Why, he ran away from my dog jest now—ran like he was scared half to death.

JEAN. You set the dog on him, Jarvis.

JARVIS. Well, what ef I did? He needn't have run. Any other man would have sent the beast flying in no time at all.

JEAN. Now, Jarvis, do promise me that you will not tease him any more.

JARVIS. Well, if he had any spirit at all he'd be ashamed to have a girl begging for him not to be teased. But never mind that; I'll let him alone fast enough, Jeannette, if you will, too.

JEAN. If I will; what do you mean?

JARVIS. Oh, come now; you know very well you're always after him—a goin' to his chapel where no one else goes hardly, and a listenin' to his preachin', and a havin' your picter hung up in his room.

JEAN. What! my picture?

JARVIS. Leastways, so Mrs. Malone said, when I took breakfast there this mornin'.

JEAN. (*Aside.*) My picture! can it be possible that he loves me, *too?*

JARVIS. (*Aside.*) Is *she* in love with him, too? (*Aloud.*) Let him look out for himself, that's all I have to say. I'll be even with him, and I wont be long about it, neither. You'll never have the little parson alive. He'll be found missing some mornin', and nobody will be to blame for it but you, nuther.

JEAN. Why, what do you mean, Jarvis?

JARVIS. I mean just what I say, Jeannette. Think it over and take care, that's all. (*Exit L.*)

JEAN. What *does* Jarvis mean? What! would he threaten the parson's life? But *I* will defend him. Yes, *I will* warn him—now—ah, here he comes.

ENTER PETER, *R.*

PETER. Why, Jeannette, is it you? But why do you linger so long in the cold? You should take better care of yourself.

JEAN. No, no, it is you that should take care of yourself. Jarvis threatens—

PETER. And *why* should Jarvis threaten me? But you need not answer. I know the story already too well. It is

because he is jealous of you. Well, then, say to Jarvis that I shall *never* marry. I have consecrated my life to my sacred calling.

JEAN. (*Aside.*) Never marry? Oh, he does not mean that. (*Hides her face in her hands for a moment.*) Oh, I will not believe it. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Peter, is it wrong to marry?

PETER. For *me*—it is.

JEAN. Why?

PETER. Because I am a priest.

JEAN. Are you a Catholic, then?

PETER. I am a Catholic, although not in the sense you mean. Mine is the true Catholic faith, which the Anglican church has kept pure from the errors of Rome, and mine it is to make my life conform with the high office I hold.

JEAN. Is it part of your high office to be cold, and hungry, and wretched?

PETER. I am not wretched.

JEAN. You are; now, and at all times. You are killing yourself.

PETER. No; else I had died long ago.

JEAN. Well then, of what use is your poor life as you now live it, either to yourself or to any one else? Do you succeed among the miners? How many have you brought into the church?

PETER. Not one.

JEAN. And yourself? Have you succeeded so far in making a saint of yourself?

PETER. God knows I have not. I have failed in my work, I have failed in myself. I am, of all men, the most miserable—most miserable, because I love you.

JEAN. Why fight against it? You love me, and I—I—love you.

PETER. (*Aside.*) All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them would not be to me so much as this. (*Aloud.*) Child, you know not what you do. Do not tempt me. (*He turns to go, and is walking R.*)

JEAN. Oh, Parson, Parson! come back, come back! Do not leave me! (*Sinks on her knees. He comes back to her, and lifts her up tenderly in his arms.*)

PETER. Be comforted, Jeannette, it is but a fancy; you will soon forget me. You do not really love me—such a one as *I*. But I thank you, dear heart, for the gentle thoughts you have given to poor me. Good-bye; and may God bless you. (*He takes her hand for a moment tenderly, and then exits R. slowly, while she puts out her arms appealingly to him. Close in with flats in one.*)

SCENE SECOND. TIME: *One day later. Wood scene. Forest in winter.*

ENTER *from R.* FOG *and* FLOSSY, *she leaning on him.*

FLOS. Oh, father, where is Archie?

FOG. Gone hunting, my child.

FLOS. For all day?

FOG. Yes, and perhaps for all night. For all time, it may be.

FLOS. Oh, but he *must* come home soon now. Father, father, where is he? (*Weeps.*)

FOG. (*Bending over her tenderly.*) Flossy, do I not love you? Am I not enough? Think, dear, how long we have lived here, and how happy we have lived. He was only a stranger. Come, let us forget him, and go back to the old days.

FLOS. What! has he gone, then? Gone for good and all? (*Springs away from him, as if contaminated.*) Where is he? Where is Archie? What have you done with him? You—you—have you killed him?

FOG. (*Aside.*) Killed him! my God, does *she*, too, think me a *murderer?*

FLOS. Tell me, what have you done with him?

FOG. My child, I tried to keep him. I would have given him my place in your love, in your life, but he would not. He has gone; he cares not for you; he is a hard, evil man.

FLOS. He is *not.* But even if he were, *I love him.* (*Throws up her hands.*) Is there no one to help me? (*Sinks on her knees.*)

FOG. (*Comes to her, lifts her up and strokes her hair tenderly.*) What can we do, dear child? He *would* not stay—I *could not* keep him.

FLOS. But *I* could have kept him.

FOG. You surely would not have asked him to *stay*, if he wished to go?

FLOS. Yes, I *would;* and he would have staid for *my sake.*

FOG. But if he had loved you, dear, he would not have gone.

FLOS. Did he say he did not love me? (*Appealingly. He hesitates.*) Did he say he did not love me? Did Archie say that? (*Grasping his arm.*)

FOG. Yes, he said that. (*Aside.*) God forgive me for telling her a lie. (*She falls on his breast and he catches her as she is about to slip to ground.*) My God, she has fainted! Oh, what have I done? I only meant to rouse her pride, and I have killed it. (*Chafes at her hands and draws her to him closely. Takes off his coat and wraps it around her.*)

ENTER ARCHIE *from L., slowly and painfully, as if hurt.*

Thank God you have come, and at the right moment. Come here, quickly. The girl has fainted.

ARCH. Why in heaven's name did you bring this child out such a cold day as this? Have you no pity, no compassion for the child?

FOG. She made me; I could not resist. She *would* come, and I had to bring her. She could not rest until she had found you. But I thought you were farther along than this. (*They both chafe her hands and try to restore her.*)

ARCH. Yes, I was farther along; but I fell and injured my knee, yesterday; and since then I have been slowly freezing. I have been crawling back slowly all day to keep myself alive,

in hopes of getting back to the castle ; I had just given up all hope when I saw you. I was a fool to go. Help me back, old man. It is too much of an undertaking for me—I give it up.

FOG. Help you back—back where ? What is too much for you ?

ARCH. Why do you ask, when you already know that I love this little girl more than I love my life. Take me back to your castle, and I will not go away again. Thank God she is coming to herself. (FLOSSY *slowly revives.*) Let her but come back to life, and I will say not one word more, not one word more. Who am I that I should torture her thus ? We shall all go back together and trust it all to God. Awake, my little love.

FLOS. Where am I ? (*She revives slowly and looks at* ARCHIE *until she recognizes him, then throws herself into his arms.*) Oh, I have found you, Archie, I have found you. Now I am so happy.

ARCH. But why—why—did you come out on such a cold day as this, little one ?

FLOS. I could not rest last night, I know not why ; so I dressed softly and found that you had gone, and father with you. You never go out at night, and it was very cold ; and I found you had taken your gun and knapsack, and that picture of the lady that is so very dear to you. From that I knew that something had happened. So when the day broke I wakened father and made him come with me, and here I am, Archie ; and I am so happy because I have found you. But I am so cold—so very cold. Let us go back home now.

ARCH. (*Takes off his coat and places it around her.*) Yes, let us go at once ; and may God forgive me for my folly which has caused you to come out on such a bitter day as this, and on such a bitter errand. (*They exit slowly R., supporting* FLOSSY *who clings to* ARCHIE.)

Pull off and disclose.

SCENE THIRD. TIME : *One day later, same as Scene First.* AMOS FOG *is being bound to a tree by miners,* JARVIS *and others.*

JARVIS. Run, Mason—run to Beaver town and tell all the miners that we have caught him at last—the thief. Tell them all to come out to the mine. Tell them that we have tracked him to his den and there we found barrels, and sacks, and kegs, but he has made away with most of the stuff ; he took it all, every crumb, and us a starvin'; but we've got him now, and we're goin' to make a sample of him. Tell them all to come out and see the fun. (*Exit* MASON *L., running.*) Yes, and we'll take our own time to him, too. He's made us suffer, and now *he* shall suffer a bit, if I know myself. (JARVIS *proceeds to bind* AMOS *closely to the tree. The other miners build a small fire on the L. of stage.*)

FOG. Have mercy, gentlemen ; for the love of heaven, have mercy.

JARVIS. No mercy here. We will torture you to death, and not shoot you like a common thief. Hanging and shooting is too good for the likes of you.

ENTER *miners shouting. The* PARSON *comes last and breaks through the circle, runs forward, and throws his arm around* AMOS. *The miners go to the fire and get brands at the fire which they raise as if to to throw at* FOG.

PETER. If you kill him you must kill me also. (*Tries to hide* AMOS *with his body.*) Are you men ? No ! shame on you ; murderers !

JARVIS. Hear the little man. Hurrah, Parson Peter, go ahead.

PETER. Why do you wish to kill him ?

JARVIS. Why ? How can you ask that ? A thief is worse than a murderer here on the border ; a life doesn't count so much as food. For months this man has been stealing our goods, our provisions, and all search has been in vain, until we tracked him to his den in the woods where he had provisions heaped up, when *we* were actually starving. Now, can you ask why we want to kill him, Parson ? Stand aside, there.

PETER. No, I will not. What are clothes and provisions to a life ?

JARV. Life aint worth much without them. He took all we had, and we've gone cold and hungry 'long of him, and he knowed it all the time.

PETER. If he is guilty, let him be tried by the proper legal authorities.

JARV. We're our own legal 'thorities, Parson.

PETER. Well then, the country will call *you* to account.

JARV. The country wont do nothin' of the kind. Much the country cares for us poor miners frozen up here in the woods. Stand back, Parson. Why should you bother about this man? Stand aside, I say. (*One of the crowd throws a stick of wood, which hits the Parson.*)

CROWD. 'Fraid of a dog, 'fraid of a dog!

MASON. (*One of the miners shies a stick at the Parson which hits him.*) Why, he's brought the blood this time. I thought his blood was only water, but it's rale stuff.

JARV. Come Parson, we don't want to hurt you. Stand aside. *We're* masters here.

PETER. And if you are masters, then be just. Give the criminal to me; I will take him to the nearest jail and deliver him up.

JARV. He'll be more likely to deliver you up, Parson.

PETER. Well then, send a committee of your own men with me—

JARV. We've got other things to do besides takin' long journeys over the ice to accommodate thieves. Parson, leave the man to us.

PETER. And to torture? Men, men, you would not treat a beast so!

JARV. A beast don't steal our food and whiskey. Stand back, stand back, Parson. You're too little to fight.

PETER. But not too little to die. (*Throws his arms up and shields* FOG, *facing them bravely.*) Think of yourselves. Are you without fault? If you murder this man you are worse than he is.

JARV. Worse? Worse than a sneakin' hypocrite? Look here, we wont stand that. Sheer off, or take the consequences.

PETER. Not one, but both of us. (*Defending* FOG.)

JARV. Why, the man's a downright fool. The man's mad.

PETER. I am not mad, but I am a minister of the great God who has said to men, "Thou shalt not murder." O men, brothers! Look back into your own lives. Have you no crimes? No sins to be forgiven? And can you expect mercy when you give none?

JARV. Facts wont alter, Parson. The man is a thief and must be punished. Your talk will do for women folks, not for us.

MASON. (*One of the miners.*) Women folks. He's a sly fox, this Parson. Didn't I see him with Jeannette in his arms this mornin'? Oh, no.

JARV. (*Springing forward and grasping* MASON *by the throat.*) Liar!

MASON. No liar at all, Jarvis. I seen them with my own eyes. Just ask the Parson.

JARV. (*Comes up to the* PARSON *and stands over him.*) Is it true? Did you meet that girl, and did you have her in your arms?

PETER. I met her, and I had her in my arms, but she was insensible.

JARV. It is a lie. Now you must take the consequences. (*Picks up a brand and is about to hurl it at the* PARSON *when* ARCHIE *and* FLOSSY *enter L. She runs to her father and* ARCHIE *confronts* JARVIS. JARVIS *is about to strike at* ARCHIE *when* JEANNETTE *enters behind* JARVIS, *and catches his arm. Struggles to take the brand away.*)

TABLEAU,—CURTAIN.

ACT FOURTH.

TIME: *The year following, in the spring-time.*

SCENE ONE. *Interior of* FOG'S *castle.* ARCHIE *seated R. and* FOG *L., conversing at rise.*

FOG. The ice is moving out. In a month you can sail safely, and I suppose you will go for good this time.

ARCH. Yes, and I shall take Flossy with me. I intend to make Flossy my wife.

FOG. At last?

ARCH. At last. No wonder you are glad.

FOG. Glad? No, *not glad.*

ARCH. Of course it is a great thing for you to have Flossy off your hands and placed in a home high above your expectations. Ah! Love is a strange power. I do not deny that I have fought against it—but—but why should I conceal it? I love Flossy with all my heart and soul; she seems to have grown into my very being.

FOG. (*Leans forward and grasps* ARCHIE *by the hand.*) I know you love her. I know something of men; and I have watched you closely. It is for this love that I forgive—I mean that I am glad and thankful for it—very thankful.

ARCH. And you have reason to be. As my wife, Flossy will have a home, a circle of friends which—but you could not understand. Let it pass. And now tell me all you know of her.

FOG. Will you have the whole story?

ARCH. As well now as ever, I suppose; but be as brief as possible.

FOG. Well then, forty years ago or thereabouts, a murder was committed in New York City. I shall not tell you what it was; there is no need; enough that the whole East was stirred up, and a heavy reward was offered for the man who did the deed. I am that man.

ARCH. Good God! Can it be possible? And you dare confess it now?

FOG. Yes, why should I excuse the deed to you now? No, I will not. It was done and *I* did it; that is enough. The damning fact that has made my whole after life a bitter draught. There was no gain to me; only loss—black, eternal loss of everything, in heaven above or on the earth; for hell itself seemed to spew me out. I fled away with the mark of Cain on my brow; and the horror was so strong on me that I could not kill myself, for I feared to join the dead. I fled to the uttermost parts of the earth and yet came back again to the scene of my crime, moved by a strange impulse. After years had passed I returned to the old home, and crept to the old house where my only sister was living alone.

ARCH. The sister you call Shadow?

FOG. Yes. I made myself known to her. She left her home and followed me with a sort of dumb affection—poor old woman. We kept together after that—two hunted creatures, instead of one; we were always fleeing, always imagining that fingers were pointed at us. I called her my "Shadow," and we took the name of "Fog"—to us meaning that we were nothing but creatures of the mist.

ARCH. The name was certainly appropriate.

FOG. At last one day the cloud over my mind seemed to lighten a little as the thought came to me that no punishment can endure forever without impugning the justice of the Creator.

ARCH. You are right, as near as human judgment can know of such things. But let me hear the rest of your story.

FOG. Well, the thought came to me that some day my punishment should end. That day I found Flossy on the wreck of the steamer; no one knew anything about her; she was almost in rags, fair and delicate, and wasted by sickness. Then another thought came to me—expiation! I would take this forlorn little creature, and bring her up as my own child, tenderly, carefully—a life for a life.

ARCH. You could not have had a better expiation.

FOG. Yes; and my poor old sister took to the child wonderfully too. We wandered for a time longer after we came westward to the lakes, and several years before we settled here. Shadow took care of the babe, and made her dresses and taught her to sew and read. You must not think that Flossy is totally ignorant.

ARCH. I will teach her.

FOG. Is it strange that I should become attached to the child? I have loved *her* with so great a love all these years that my days have flown by; for *her* I have sailed out over the icy waters, and into the storm; for *her* I have hunted through the winters, and have dared a thousand deaths, to labor, to suffer, to save, for *her sake*—these have been my pleasures through all these years. When I came home, here she was to meet me, *her sweet voice calling me* FATHER, *the only father she had ever known.* When my poor old sister died, I took her away in my boat at night and buried her in deep water. My darling knows nothing of death. I could not tell her.

ARCH. And those wrecks? How do you make them balance with your scheme of expiation?

FOG. I will not have *them* brought up in that way; I tell you I WILL not. Have I not explained that I was desperate? What are one or two miserable crews to the delicate life of my beautiful child? And the men had their chances, in spite of my desperate lure. Does not every storm threaten them with death? But shall I tell you the whole? Listen then. Those wrecks were the greatest sacrifices, the most bitter tasks of my hard life; the nearest approach I have yet made to expiation.

ARCH. How do you mean?

FOG. Do you suppose I wished them to drown? Do you suppose I knew not the greatness of my crime? Ah! I knew it only too well, and yet I sailed out and did the deed. It was *for her sake*—to keep HER from suffering and starvation; so, I sacrificed *myself bravely.* I would murder a thousand men in

cold blood, and bear a thousand additional punishments to keep *my darling safe and warm.* Do you not see that my whole life has been a self-sacrifice, the greatest, the most complete I could make? I vowed to keep my darling tenderly; I have kept my vow. See that you keep yours.

ARCH. I will, God helping me.

FOG. I know you love her, but how much?

ARCH. Does it need the asking? Am I not giving up my life, my name, everything into her hands?

FOG. You could not give them into hands more pure.

ARCH. I know it. I am content. And yet I sacrifice something—family and friends.

FOG. Do you hesitate?

ARCH. Of course I do not. Why do you ask? But some things may be pardoned in a case like mine.

FOG. I can pardon them.

ARCH. I can teach her, of course, and a year or so among cultivated people will work wonders; I think I shall take her abroad first. How soon did you say we could go?

FOG. The ice is moving. There will be vessels through the straits in two or three weeks. (*His voice trembles.* ARCHIE *looks up and finds him weeping.*) Forgive me; but the little girl is very dear to me.

ARCH. She shall be as dear to me as she has been to you, do not fear. My love is proven by the very struggle I have made against it. I venture to say no man ever fought harder against himself than I have in this old castle of yours. I kept that picture of my Francesca as a counter-charm. It is the portrait of a woman who, at a word, will give herself and her fortune into my keeping—a woman high in the cultivated circles of society here and abroad, beautiful, accomplished, a queen in her sphere. But all was useless! That long night in the snow, when I crawled back and forth to keep myself from freezing, it came to me with a power I could not resist, that the whole of earth and all its gifts could not be compared

with the love I felt for this little girl, and *she* will be very happy with me.

FOG. I know it.

ARCH. Did you foresee this end?

FOG. I could only hope for it. I saw that *she* loved you.

ARCH. Well, well; it was natural, after all. Your expiation has ended better than you hoped; for the little orphan girl you have reared has found a home and friends, and you need yourself work no more. Choose your home anywhere, here or elsewhere in the West, and I will see that you are comfortable for the rest of your life.

FOG. I will stay here.

ARCH. As you please; Flossy shall not forget you. She will write you often. Do you know what day to-morrow is?

FOG. Yes, it is Christmas; but Flossy knows nothing of Christmas. I never could bear to tell her the story of the cross.

ARCH. Then she shall know; I have prepared a Christmas tree and loaded it down with presents, such as I could procure. (*Goes to door C. and throws it open, revealing a Christmas tree surmounted with a small cross and loaded with trinkets.*) It is but a poor thing after all; but I had no way of getting better presents for her out here in the woods.

FOG. Perhaps I can help you. (*Goes to a closet and opens it, producing a box of toys.*) I did not show you this for fear it would anger you; but there must have been a child on board after all. This came from that steamer that was wrecked. (*They proceed to tie the toys on the tree.*)

FLOS. (ENTER FLOSSY *R.*) Why, what does all this mean?

FOG. You tell her. (*Aside to* ARCHIE.)

ARCH. It means, Flossy, that to-morrow is Christmas, and that out in the world where we are going, Christmas is always celebrated by giving presents, and trees like this are always decked for children.

FLOS. Am I a child? What do *you* think, father?

ARCH. What do *you* think, Flossy?

FLOS. I hardly know; sometimes I think I am, and sometimes not. But it is of no consequence what I am, so long as I have you and father. Tell me more about the little tree, Archie. What does it mean? What is that little white shining toy on the top? Is there a story about it?

ARCH. Yes, there is a story—but—but—but it is not *I* who should tell it to you.

FLOS. Why not? Whom have I in all this world to tell me save you?

ARCH. I will tell you some other time, Flossy; it is a long story. You will learn of it, all in good time, when we get out into the big world I have told you of.

FLOS. When will that be?

ARCH. It will be soon; for spring will soon be here. Our ark has kept us very cosy through the bitter weather, has it not, little one?

FLOS. Ark! What is that?

ARCH. That is part of the story too. An ark is a watery residence like this. If Japhet had had you in his ark, in my opinion he would never have come down at all, but would have resided permanently on Mount Ararat.

FLOS. Yes, but you see he didn't. It wouldn't have done him any good anyhow—as long as I had you.

ARCH. (*Bending over her.*) Flossy, do you love me so much?

FLOS. You know that I do. (*Throws her arms around him.*) You know I do, Archie.

ARCH. Flossy, do you know how much I love you? I am afraid to think of what life would seem without you.

FLOS. Well, then, don't think of it, since I am here. Do you know, Archie, I think if I had not loved you so much, you would not have loved me, and then—it would have been—that is—I mean—it would have been different.

ARCH. (*Laughing.*) Flossy, are you sure you can love me as much as I crave?

FLOS. (*She draws herself away from him.*) I don't know.

ARCH. (*Aside.*) I am not sure but that she is a water sprite after all. But she will learn to love me in time. (*Aloud.*) We must have the old castle more comfortable. I will try to send up some furniture from below when we get to Chicago.

FLOS. Isn't it comfortable now? I am sure I always thought this room beautiful.

ARCH. What? This clumsy imitation of a second-class Western steamer? Child, it is hideous.

FLOS. Is it? (FOG *hangs his head in silence.*)

ARCH. And how you look, old gentleman. I must really send you some new clothes. Flossy, how have you been able to endure such shabby rags so long? All the time before I came, did it not force itself upon you?

FLOS. I do not know. I never noticed. It was always just father, you know.

FOG. He is right, Flossy; I am shabby, indeed. But *you* will soon forget *me.*

FLOS. (*Runs to him and embraces him.*) Never, father, as long as I live.

FOG. (*Looks up at* ARCHIE.) What are your plans?

ARCH. For what?

FOG. For the marriage.

ARCH. (*Aside.*) Aha. He is in a hurry to secure the prize. The sharp old fellow. (*Aloud.*) Why, I thought we three would all sail over to Beaver Village, and there we could be married by the parson, and take the first steamer for Chicago; you could then return here at your leisure.

FOG. Would it not be a better plan to bring the parson here, and then you two can sail without me? I am not as strong as I was; I feel that I cannot bear—I mean that you had better go without me.

ARCH. As you please. I thought it would be a chance for you, that is all.

FOG. It would only prolong—no, I think if you are willing, we will have the marriage here, and then you can sail immediately.

ARCH. I did not suppose you would be in such haste to part with Flossy. But where shall we find a clergyman?

FOG. Here is one.

ENTER JEANNETTE *and* PETER, *L.*

FLOS. (*Embracing her father.*) Oh, father, father, must I leave you? Oh, father, I cannot, I cannot leave you thus. (*Weeping.*)

ARCH. (*Aside*). I cannot let them keep up this deception longer. It hurts me to the heart's core to see her love this old man more than she loves me. I must speak out. (*Aloud.*) He is *not* your father. He has no claim on you. Do you not wish to come with me, darling?

FLOS. (*Shrinking back from both.*) Not *my father?* Oh, you do not mean it!

FOG. No, dear, he is right; I am *not your father.* (*He shudders, and hangs down his head.* FLOSSY *flies into his arms; he kisses her, and then leads her to* ARCHIE. *She rushes back to* FOG.)

FLOS. Oh, father, father, I cannot leave you so, for you *are* my father; the only father I ever knew—and so kind and good to me. (*Kneels by his side. He takes a small phial from his pocket and drinks the contents without being observed by the rest, except* FLOSSY.)

FLOS. (*Aside to him.*) What is that?

FOG. (*Aside to her.*) It is nothing; I am an old man, my child, and—all is well. (*Aloud.*) As the parson is here I desire the ceremony to take place at once. (*Rises, and gets a prayer book from closet.*) Have you any objection to using the Episcopal service? I—I have heard it before, and besides, you

are an Episcopalian. (*The parson takes the prayer book and goes through the wedding ceremony, reading it from the book.* FOG *shrinks away in one corner. He comes forward when the parson asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" and gives her away. The ceremony is then completed.*)

FOG. Now, parson, here is your wedding fee; and here is a fine lot of provisions for you. I wish I could give you more for saving my life; yes, I can. Here is a bag of money, all I have; I shall never need it. I will take you in sight of Beaver Island and then leave you to row over alone, for I dare not go there now, as the miners might kill me. The weather is good and we can soon reach there. Come, it is time that we should go. (*Goes L.*)

FLOS. Father, you must not go, for somehow I feel as if you would never come back alive. Oh, you *must not go. You shall not.* (FOG *reels and is about to fall, when she catches him;* ARCHIE *and the parson rush to her aid and lay him on the sofa. They all gather around him.*)

FLOS. (*Weeping.*) Oh, Archie, what does this mean?

ARCH. I do not know. Something has happened to him. He is now almost unconscious, but he will soon recover. (FOG *moans. The parson stoops down and puts his ear to* FOG'S *heart.*)

PETER. It is beating very slowly—scarcely perceptible. The man is in a comatose state, and unless he is aroused it will soon be over. (*They try to rouse him and chafe his hands; he opens his eyes and looks around.* FLOSSY *rushes to him and throws her arms around him.*)

FLOS. Speak, father, speak.

FOG. I could not help it, my child. I did it because I could not bear to live after you go away. (*He drops the phial from his clenched hand, and it falls to the floor.* ARCHIE *picks it up and reads label.*)

ARCH. (*Aside.*) Poison? Then *it is all over.* But I did not think he had the courage to kill himself.

FOG. (*Slowly.*) It is all well, my child. Life would have been very hard without you, my darling. But now that I am called away it is sweet to know that you are happy, and better still to know that I *can* die happy. Be kind to her, Archie. I *know you love her*, but guard her *tenderly;* I die content, my child, quite content. (*She rushes to* ARCHIE, *and the priest kneels at* FOG'S *bedside and prays.*)

FLOS. Oh, Archie, Archie, what does this mean?

ARCH. My little wife, this is DEATH—a thing that you knew not of. But do not fear.

FOG. No, do not grieve for me, my child. My crime is expiated. Oh, God! It is expiated. (*Falls back on his pillow.*)

CURTAIN ON PICTURE.

(ARCHIE *and* FLOSSY *C. She is weeping on his breast. Parson is kneeling beside the bed praying, and* JEANNETTE *is beside him.. The parson closes the dead man's eyes and then rising, takes* JEANNETTE *in his arms. Curtain on second picture.*)

NOTHING BETTER than the SCRAP BOOK RECITATION SERIES.

NOW READY, No. 1.

Price, postpaid. Paper, 25 cents.

"The selections are choice in quality and in large variety."—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

"It excels anything we have seen for the purpose."—*Eclectic Teacher*.

"The latest and best things from our popular writers appear here."—*Normal Teacher*.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

Keep the Mill A-going.
Faces in the Fire.
In School Days.
The Two Roads.
Extreme Unction.
Baron Grimalkin's Death.
Words and Their Uses.
Fritz's Troubles.
Two Christmas Eves.
An Interview Between the School Directors and the Janitor.
To the Memory of the late Brigham Young.
How Liab and I Parted.
Old Grimes' Hen.
The Average Modern Traveler.
At My Mother's Grave.
The Newsboy's Debt.
Mrs. Potts' Dissipated Husband.
I See the Point.
The Professor in Shafts.
Mr. Sprechelheimer's Mistake.
God's Time.
The Little Folks.
The Old Schoolmaster.
The Revolutionary Rising.
Pat's Letter.
How to Go to Sleep.
Nothing.
De Pen and De Sword.
A Greyport Legend—1797.
The Life-Boat is a gallant Bark.
Birthday Gifts.
The Superfluous Man.
Sockery Setting a Hen.
The Water that Has Passed.
Medley—Mary's Little Lamb.
The Launch of the Ship
Aunt Kindly.
Evening at the Farm.
Battle of Beal An' Duine.
Passing Away.
Mark Twain and the Interviewer
Daybreak.
True Life.
Modern Loyalty.
Unfinished Still.
Allow for the Crawl.
The Silent Tower of Bottreaux.
Gentility.
The Drunkard.
The Poetical Patch Quilt.
What is Life?
Art Thou Living Yet?
New Year's Chime.
Song of the Chimney.
A Domestic Tempest.
Common Sense.
How Mr. Coffin Spelled it.
The Old Man in the Palace Car.
Ego and Echo.
A Night Picture.
A Penitent.
Rum's Ruin.
The Babies.
What Is It to Me?
Our First Commander.
Horseradish.
The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price

NOTHING BETTER THAN THE SCRAP-BOOK RECITATION SERIES.

PRICE POST-PAID. PAPER, 25c.

"The selections are fresh, pure, and elevating."—*Missouri Teacher.*

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Albert Drecker, Pathetic	*Thomas J. Hyatt*	5
Better in the Morning, Pathetic	*Rev. Leander S. Coan*	6
Blue Sky Somewhere	*Vera*	9
Wounded, Battle Poem	*J. W. Watson*	12
Papa's Letter, Pathetic		14
Grandfather's Reverie, Pathetic	*Theodore Parker*	16
The Old Village Choir	*Benj. F. Taylor*	18
At the Party	*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*	19
Romance at Home, Humorous	*Fanny Fern*	21
The Legend of the Organ Builder	*Harper's Magazine*	22
I Vash So Glad I Vash Here, very Humorous		25
Der Dog und der Lobster, Humorous	*Saul Sertrew*	26
What Was His Creed?		28
Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery	*Abraham Lincoln*	29
Time Turns the Table, Excellent		30
The Man Who Hadn't Any Objection, Humorous		32
The Soldier's Mother, Sentimental		33
"De Pervisions, Josiar." Humorous		34
A Response to Beautiful Snow, Sentimental	*Sallie J. Hancock*	35
The Defence of Lucknow, Heroic	*Tennyson*	36
A Model Discourse, Humorous		41
My Darling's Shoes		43
The Volunteer Soldiers of the Union	*Robert G. Ingersoll*	44
Life, Compilation	*Mrs. H. A. Darning*	46
The Old-Fashioned Mother		47
De 'Sperience ob de Reb'rend Quacko Strong, Humorous		48
A Heart to Let		50
Jimmy Butler and the Owl, Humorous	*Anonymous*	51
Presentiments, Pathetic	*T. S. Denison*	54
Eloquence or Oratory		56
Raising the Flag at Sumter	*Henry Ward Beecher*	57
Parrhasius and the Captive	*N. P. Willis*	59
Portent	*Celia Thaxter*	62
He Wasn't Ready, Humorous		63
The Old Clock in the Corner	*Eugene J. Hall*	64
An Illustration, Fine Description	*Rev. Philip Krohn, D. D.*	66
The Seven Stages	*Anonymous*	68
The Bells of Shandon	*Francis Mahony*	69
Circumlocution on The House that Jack Built, Fine		71
The Brakeman goes to Church, Humorous	*Burdette*	73
Address to Class of '77, Knox College	*President Bateman*	75
Bay Billy, Battle Incident	*Frank H. Gassaway*	78
The Flood and the Ark, Humorous Darkey Sermon		82
The Steamboat Race	*Mark Twain*	85
Battle of Gettysburg	*Chas. F. Ward*	90
A Connubial Eclogue, Humorous	*J. G. Saxe*	93
The Chambered Nautilus	*Oliver W. Holmes*	95
Ascent of Fu-si-Yama	*Dora Schoonmaker Soper*	96
The Musician's Tale, Splendid Sea Tale	*Longfellow*	98
Vera Victoria	*H. M. Soper*	104
Ruining the Minister's Parrot, very Funny		106
The Irish Philosopher, Humorous		109
Confession of a Drunkard		111
The Fatal Glass	*Laura U. Case*	111
The Gambler's Wife	*R. Coates*	112
Dream of the Reveler		114
The Lost Steamer	*Eugene J. Hall*	116
One Glass More		117
I'll take what Father takes	*W. Hoyle*	118
A Glass of Cold Water	*John B. Gough*	120
The Glass Railroad	*Geo. Lippard*	121
Signing the Pledge		123
The War with Alcohol	*W. E. Williams*	126
A Tragedy	*Talmage*	128

NOTHING BETTER THAN THE SCRAP-BOOK RECITATION SERIES.

PRICE POST-PAID. PAPER COVER, 25c.

"There is such a variety of prose and poetry, pathos, fun and narrative as is not often found in the compass of one small book."—*Practical Teacher.*

CONTENTS OF No. 3.

Flash—The Fireman's Story.....*Will Carleton*
A Smooth Path.....*Millie C. Pomeroy*
The Three Friends, Humorous.....*Burdett*
Mosses—Earth's Humblest Children.....*J. Ruskin*
The Nineteenth Century Teacher, Humorous.....
The Blind Man and his Candle, A Fable.....*J. G. Saxe*
A Thunder Storm, Fine Description.....*A. P. Miller*
He Wouldn't Hush, Humorous.....
The Bells.....*Edgar A. Poe*
The Blacksmith of Bottle Dell.....*James Maurice Thompson*
What Farmer Green Said.....
Napoleon at Rest.....*J. Pierpont*
Benedict Arnold's Death-bed.....*George Lippard*
Soliloquy, Humorous.....*By a Girl of the Period*
One Cent and Costs, Humorous.....*Boston Globe*
Poet and Painter.....*Miss H. R. Hudson*
Maud Muller's Moving, Humorous.....
What is Ambition? Fine Description.....*N. P. Willis*
Kentucky Philosophy, Very Funny.....*Harper's Monthly*
The Problem of Life, Fine.....*Theodore Tilton*
Praise of Little Women, Excellent.....*H. W. Longfellow*
Address to Class of '77 National School of Oratory.....*Pres. Shoemaker*
Rizpah, Fine Pathos.....*Mrs. Lucy Blinn*
Last Charge of Ney.....*J. T. Headley*
Decoration Day Speech, Fine Oration.....*Col. R. G. Ingersoll*
Soldier' Re-union.....*Dr. F. S. Bennett*
Music Hath Charms, Humorous.....*Rockland Courier Gazette*
Am Life Wuf de Libin? Comic.....*Detroit Free Press*
The Diamond Wedding.....
The Palace, Descriptive.....*T. S. Denison*
Driving a Cow, Humorous.....*Burlington Hawkeye*
A Condensed Novel.....
God Wills It So. A Plea and Answer, Temperance.....
Mr. Middlerib's Experiment or Movement Cure for Rheumatism, Humorous.....*Burlington Hawkeye*
Medley.....*H. M. Soper*
Vat You Please, Humorous.....*Wm. B. Fowle*
Opportunity for Effort.....*George R. Kussell*
Battle of Cannæ, Fine Description.....*Eben Hale Wells*
Pierre La Forge's Dream.....*Eva Katherine Mink*
Quousque Tandem O'Catalina? Humorous.....*Rev. A. L. Frisbie*
Deacon Kent in Politics, First Rate.....*Rev. A. L. Frisbie*
Charge of the Lightning Judge.....*Ray Porter, Esq.*
The Wanderer's Bell.....*Margaret J. Preston*
A Fish Story.....*John Brownjohn*
An American Sam Weller, Humorous.....
Little Graves, Pathetic.....*Lillie Surbridge Curry*
Magdalen.....*Edgar L. Wakeman*
The First Settler's Story, Pathetic.....*Will M. Carleton*
King Christmas.....*A. Graham.*
Christmas Dialogue, for two girls.....
Christmas Thoughts.....*Talmage.*
St. Nicholas' Dashing Bride.....*C. C. Moore.*
Two Views of Christmas, good dialogue.....*Dickens.*
Hang up the Baby's Stocking.....
Marriage of Santa Claus, Humorous.....
Christmas Blessing.....
A Christmas Dream, fine poem.....*H. A. Foster.*
Through the Loopholes.....

NOTHING BETTER THAN THE SCRAP-BOOK RECITATION SERIES.

A bouquet of choice thoughts to tickle the fancy.

CONTENTS OF No. 4. Price 25 Cents.

A Tribute to Grant, Eloquent.....*Rev. H. D. Jenkins*
The Joshua of 1776, Fine Description.....
The Latest Barbara Frietchie, Comic.....
"Leadville Jim".....*W. W. Fink*
Jerry, Pathetic.....*Mary L. Dickinson*
The Wee, Wee Bairnie, Pathetic.....
The Mutilated Currency Question, Humorous.....*Brooklyn Eagle*
Memory, Poem.....*James A. Garfield*
How a Song Saved a Soul.....*F. L. Stanton*
A Decoration Day Address.....*Rev. H. Stone Richardson*
Mr. Hoffenstein's Bugle, Very Funny.....
What the Robin Can Tell.....
Mary's Night Ride, Vivid Description.....*G. W. Cable*
Mr. Hopwell's Theory of Suppressing a Fire, Humorous.....*Detroit Free Press*
A Model Summer Hotel, Humorous.....*Traveler's Record*
Pat and the Oysters, Humorous.....
Family Government, Apt Illustration.....*H. W. Beecher*
The Heroes and the Flowers, Beautiful Description.....*B. F. Taylor*
Expecting to Get Even.....*Boston Post*
Driving a Hen, Humorous.....*Mobile Register*
A Retrospective, "Old Settlers".....
Where are the Wicked Folks Buried?.....*Truth Seeker*
Romance of a Hat, Humorous.....*Harper's Magazine*
Forever, Sentimental.....*John Boyle O'Reilly*
Courtship Fair and Square.....
Every Year, Didactic.....*Hon. James Covert*
Temperance Song Recital.....*Mrs. P. D. Brown*
Strangely Related.....
Kit, or Faithful Unto Death, Pathetic.....
Sam's Letter, Very Funny.....*Our American Cousin*
Kindness.....*Chas. R. Barrett*
A Tribute to Longfellow.....*F. N. Zabriskie*
Civil War, Tragic.....
Petah, Comic.....
Drinking a Tear.....
The Married Man and the Bachelor.....
The V-A-S-E.....*N. Y. Independent*
The Battle of Mission Ridge, Stirring Description.....*Benj. F. Taylor*
Heroic Medley.....*Herman Page*
A Christmas Carmen.....*J. G. Whittier*
The Girl in Gray.....*Willis Merritt*
An Easter-Tide Deliverance.....*Maria H. Bulfinch*
Fading.....*George Howland*
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man, Humorous.....*Mark Twain*
Fritz and His Betsy Fall Out, Humorous.....*George M. Warren*
Help Me Across, Papa, Pathetic.....*Exchange*
Mr. Diffident's Speech.....
Scene from Leah the Forsaken, Dramatic.....
A Railroad Car Scene.....
Death of Little Hackett, Pathetic.....*T. S. Denison*
Farmer Stebbins' Appearance on Rollers.....*Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly*
An Untimely Call.....*N. Y. Sun*
He Guessed He'd Fight, Comic.....
Only Five Minutes to Live.....*Arkansaw Traveler*
Calling the Angels In.....
Caliber Fifty-Four.....*Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly*
Mother's Doughnuts.....*Charles E. Adams*
The Prospects of the Republic; Oration.....*Edward Everett*
Intensely Utter, Humorous.....*Albany Chronicle*
Napoleon Bonaparte.....*Charles P. Phillips*
Autumn Thoughts, Humorous.....*Bill Nye*
A Christmas Song.....*Father Ryan*
The Froward Duster.....*Rev. J. Burdette*

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

Price, 15 cts. each, post-paid.

These plays are all short, and very funny. Nothing poor in the list. They serve admirably to give variety to a programme. The female characters may be assumed by males in most cases. Where something thoroughly comical, but unobjectionable is wanted, they are just the thing.

STAGE STRUCK DARKY.

A very funny "take-off" on tragedy; 2 male, 1 female. **Time 10 minutes.**

STOCKS UP—STOCKS DOWN.

2 males; a played-out author and his sympathizing friend; very funny and full of "business" and practical jokes. Time 10 minutes.

DEAF—IN A HORN.

2 males; negro musician and a deaf pupil. A very interesting question suddenly enables the latter to hear. Full of first-class "business." Time 8 minutes.

HANDY ANDY.

2 males; master and servant. The old man is petulant and the servant makes all sorts of ludicrous mistakes and misunderstands every order. Very lively in action. Time 10 minutes.

THE MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER.

A farce; 4 males, 2 females. Characters: The mischievous nigger, old man, French barber, Irishman, widow, nurse. Time 20 minutes.

THE SHAM DOCTOR.

A negro farce; 4 males, 2 females. This is a tip-top farce. The "sham doctor" can not fail to bring down the house. Time 15 minutes.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

3 males, 1 female. Doctor Ipecac has a theory that excessive terror will cure people who are deaf and dumb. His daughter's lover is mistaken for the patient to the terror of all. Only one darky. A capital little piece for schools or parlor. Time 10 minutes.

TRICKS.

5 males, 2 females. (Only two darkys, 1 male, 1 female.) A designing old step-father wishes to marry his step-daughter for her money. She and her lover plan an elopement. The old man discovers it and has an ingenious counter-plot—which fails completely, to his discomfiture. Time 10 minutes. Suited to parlor performance.

HAUNTED HOUSE,

2 males. A white-washer encounters "spirits" in a house he has agreed to white-wash. Plenty of business. Time 8 minutes.

THE TWO POMPEYS.

4 males. A challenge to a duel is worked up in a very funny way. Time 8 minutes.

AN UNHAPPY PAIR.

3 males, and males for a band. Two hungry niggers strike the musicians for a square meal. Good for school or parlor, and very funny. Time 10 minutes.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 103 235 9

Any Play on this List 15 Cts. Pc

Plays by T. S. DENISON.

ODDS WITH THE ENEMY.

A drama in five acts; 7 male and 4 female characters. Time, 2 hours.

SETH GREENBACK.

A drama in four acts; 7 male and 3 female. Time, 1 hour 15 m.

INITIATING A GRANGER.

A ludicrous farce; 8 male. Time, 25 m.

TWO GHOSTS IN WHITE.

A humorous farce based on boarding-school life; 7 female characters. Time, 25 m.

THE ASSESSOR.

A humorous sketch; 3 male and 2 female. Time, 15 m.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

A ludicrous farce; 3 male and 5 female. Time, 30 m.

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A very amusing country law suit; 8 male characters. (May admit 14.) Time, 15 m.

THE PULL-BACK.

A laughable farce; 6 female. Time, 20 min.

HANS VON SMASH.

A roaring farce in a prologue and one act; 4 male and 3 female. Time, 30 m.

OUR COUNTRY.

A patriotic drama in three parts. Requires 9 male, 3 female, (Admits 9 male 15 female.) Four fine tableaux. Time, about 1 hour.

THE SCHOOL MA'AM,

A briliant comedy in four acts; 6 male, 5 female. Time, 1 hour 45 min.

THE IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

A lively farce; 3 male, 3 female. Time, 45 m.

THE KANSAS IMMIGRANTS; Or, the Great Exodus.

A roaring farce; 5 male, 1 female. Time, 30 m.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A splendid farce; 3 male, 6 female. Time, 45 m.

IS THE EDITOR IN?

A farce; 4 male and 2 female.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

A drama in three acts; 5 male and 2 female. Time, 1 hour 15 m.

PETS OF SOCIETY.

A farce in high life; 7 females. Time, 30 m.

A
mal

A [illegible], 9 male and 4 female characters. Time, 1 hour 45 m.

UNDER THE LAURELS.

A drama in five acts; a stirring play, fully equal to Louva the Pauper. Five male, 4 female. Time, 1 hour 45 m.

THE SPARKLING CUP.

A temperance drama in five acts; 12 male and 4 female.

Plays by H. Elliott McBride.

ON THE BRINK.

A temperance drama in two acts; 12 male, 3 female. Time, 1 hour 45 m.

A BAD JOB.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 30 m.

PLAYED AND LOST,

A sketch; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 20 m.

MY JEREMIAH.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 25 m.

LUCY'S OLD MAN.

A sketch; 2 male, 3 female. Time, 20 m.

THE COW THAT KICKED CHICAGO.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 25 m.

I'LL STAY AWHILE.

A farce; 4 male. Time, 25 m.

THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON DIALOGUES,

Short and lively. For boys and girls. —*Price 25 cts.*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON SPEAKER.

A choice collection. Three parts: for little folks, for older boys and girls, short pithy dialogues.—*Price 25 cts.*

SCRAP BOOK READINGS.

Latest and best pieces.—*Price per No. (paper cover) 25 cts.*

WORK AND PLAY.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

A gem for the little folks. This is a book of both instruction and amusement. Part I consists of a large variety of very easy progressive exercises in letters, numbers, objects, geography, language, animated nature, motion, songs, etc. Part II consists of dialogues, charades, pantomimes, etc. ALL ORIGINAL.—Price, in Manilla boards, post paid, 50 cts.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, CHICAGO.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 103 235 9